

Union's new \$23,000 sign fizzles

by Karen Houser

The \$23,000 Student Union Great Electric Telegraph sign, expected to earn \$4,000 a year in advertising money, has earned about \$100 so far.

Monthly sign maintenance costs, deferred until the warranty runs out in October, 1978, total \$169.

The sign was paid for out of the Union budget, which is funded by a mandatory \$10 student fee. This fee is expected to increase to \$15 by spring, 1978.

In September, Student Union Director Lou Bauer said if the \$23,000 had not been spent on the message board, the Student Union Governing Board could have applied the money to the \$150,000 union deficit.

Before the sign purchase was approved by the board last March, Samantha Graff, Student Union assistant director of programs and services, said the sign would pay

for itself within six years. She estimated the union could save \$4,000 a year by announcing Union events on the sign instead of buying advertising space in campus papers.

To date, the Great Electric Telegraph has not replaced paid advertisements. The union paid \$242 for ads in four *Phoenix* issues prior to the sign installation. In the four issues after installation, \$208 was spent to announce beer, upcoming movies and games tournaments.

Graff said many campus organizations use the sign to announce meetings and events. She said she has received more than 70 requests for announcements to be aired. (This is in addition to the routine announcements of all meetings held in the union and all events listed in "This Week at State.")

"Right now, 70 percent of the sign capacity is being

used," Graff said.

Part of the capacity is filled with paid advertisements. The governing board hopes to pay the monthly maintenance cost with advertising revenue.

"We're averaging about three paid subscriptions a week, but we really haven't developed a marketing program," said Graff.

Ad revenues are now applied to the general Student Union income account.

While Graff originally hoped to accept only on-campus advertisements, she said that off-campus ads will now have to be accepted to meet sign expenses.

There are nine potential paying advertisers on campus. Ellen Einsiedl, owner of the Scandia Deli, doubts that she will do any advertising on the sign in the near

future. The Union Depot receives indirect coverage from ads for Student Union sponsored music groups appearing at the Depot.

Other campus businesses have expressed interest in using the sign for advertising, but they have made no commitment to advertise on a regular basis.

Ads cost \$15 a week for on-campus businesses, \$30 a week for those off-campus. Each message is aired four times an hour, 11 hours a day (8 a.m. to 7 p.m.) during the week, Graff said.

Don Lander, SAGA food service director, said his Electric Telegraph advertising has been effective "so far."

"My sales did increase on the particular three weeks I advertised on the sign," Lander said. "I'm going to continue using it until I find it ineffective."

Bauer said any evaluation of the electronic sign must look beyond its \$23,000 purchase price and any potential savings.

"We must ask 'What kind of service is that sign providing?'" he said.

In a random survey, *Phoenix* asked 18 students if the sign provided a service for them.

Some of the responses:

"It's nice to have the time up there. That's about all I use it for."

"What really helps me is the time."

"The only benefit I can see from that thing is giving me the time."

"I'm really starting to look up to it, for time especially."

Only one of the students polled had used the activity announcements on the sign. "The other day I saw something about exchange students that I was going to look into," she said.

"I see the activities on there but don't really notice them as much as if they were on a board and I could read them," said another student.

"It's too slow," a student said. "To find out what's going on, you would have to stand there all day."

One student wondered what difference his opinion about the sign made. "It's paid for, they've got it, it's there," he said. "If they'd asked me before, I would have said no (don't buy it). But, no one seems to ask me before."

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Story in this week's *Phoenix* Centerfold

PHOENIX

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San Francisco State University

Thursday, the Twenty-seventh day of October, 1977

Twelve pages

Idle AS officers face paycheck cut-off

by Chuck E. Burwell II

The Office of the Comptroller may cut off the grants-in-aid (financial aid) of the AS officers for November and December. Comptroller Alfred L. Leidy said the officers have not been doing sufficient work to justify paying the grants.

It has been almost a month since the last AS budget meeting. Since then, nothing else has been done to speed the process of getting services back to the students.

AS president Thabiti Mtambuzi completed a report clarifying the procedures used to draw up the budget a month ago, said Michael Greenwood, AS treasurer, but Mtambuzi has not yet submitted the report to the administration.

Provost Donald L. Garrity, who ori-

ginally brought up questions about the budget procedure last May, confirmed that nothing had been sent to the administration.

Larry Kroeker, dean of Student Affairs, said he did not think Mtambuzi had even completed the report.

"I know some things haven't been worked out yet, such as grievance procedures with personnel," Kroeker said.

The AS Board of Directors voted last Friday not to hold new budget hearings. The board decided new hearings "would not change the budget," said Kroeker.

Mtambuzi was not available for comment.

Yesterday a meeting of the AS Legislature to discuss the budget was canceled. According to Eddie Hackett, speaker of the legislature, the meeting

was called off for lack of an agenda.

The last meeting of the legislature was on Sept. 28. Nothing was decided then about the budget. No date has been set for further discussion of the matter.

It's still a wait-and-see period," said Greenwood. "It is a question now of whether the budget will have to be modified or restructured in any way."

If the AS officers continue to "wait and see," they may have to do it without the benefits of grants-in-aid should Leidy decide to cut them off.

The grants-in-aid were frozen this summer along with the rest of AS funds. Mtambuzi told Kroeker that it was difficult to answer the budget questions without being paid. President Paul F. Romberg reinstated the grants Aug. 5.

Tardy teachers punished

New book policy voted

Faculty members who keep overdue library books may soon lose their library borrowing privileges.

At its Oct. 11 meeting, the Academic Senate voted 30-0 to suspend privileges of faculty who do not return recalled books within seven working days, or who do not return all books at the end of each semester. The resolution must have President Paul F. Romberg's approval before becoming university policy.

Current policy allows faculty to keep books out for a whole semester. If someone files a request for the books, they must be returned within seven working days.

However, the library does not fine faculty members, and no enforcement procedures are currently in effect.

Loan privileges would be reinstated immediately upon return of the recalled or overdue materials, the senate resolution states.

Frank Schneider, library director and member of the Academic Senate, said the library is a "service institution" that will try "anything short of fining faculty members to get books back."

"We try not to place barriers in their way. We need to have stricter enforcement, but without the intent to antagonize people," he said.

Schneider called a fine system "extreme." "We try not to resort to using the authority we have," he said.

The academic senate first adopted a policy on faculty lending regulations in 1971, but that did not include enforcement procedures.

Zenger's hits legal problems

by Robert B. Wardell

In a move designed to prevent publication of the Associated Students newspaper *Zenger's*, SF State Comptroller Alfred L. Leidy issued a warning to AS President Thabiti Mtambuzi.

He said that because *Zenger's* is an AS newspaper, all advertisement income must be deposited in the AS account. Until an AS budget is approved, there is no authorization to incur debts such as printing costs, he said.

"Nothing can be contracted in the name of the association newspaper *Zenger's* without an approved budget," Leidy said in the memo.

Later Leidy said, "They can use the name of *Zenger's*, but nothing can be contracted in the name of *Zenger's*."

Legal restrictions regarding the use of the name are unclear, according to one attorney. It would be illegal to use

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Stranded seals get first aid

by Russell Pike



Above: Marine Mammal Rescue Unit volunteers lower a crate containing a soon-to-be-released seal to a Marin County beach.

Below: Weezer, a five-months-old harbor seal.

Photos by Ray Balzar



Zonker, a California sea lion, will never return to his marine home. Members of the Marine Mammal Rescue Unit found him stranded on a beach, blind and in convulsions. They took him to their Fort Cronkrite seal and sea lion hospital.

The rescue unit saves stranded and injured marine mammals and brings them back to good health. The animals are usually released in the environment, but because Zonker is blind he will be kept in captivity.

"It's rare that we don't release them," said Jackie Hamlet, a pre-veterinary major at SF State and the publicity director for the Marine Mammal Rescue Unit. "Nikki, a female California sea lion, is in the Fairyland Zoo in Oakland. She was extremely ill and we had to cross over the fine line between providing enough treatment while not getting the animal too attached to people. She became too attached to people, so we couldn't release her."

The mammal rescue squad mainly saves pinnipeds, so called because of the flaps of skin, or pinnatae, covering the ear holes of seals and sea lions.

They have rescued harbor seals, California sea lions, elephant seals, and occasionally, the northern fur seal and the rare stellar sea lion.

Hamlet estimated the pinniped rescue squad has returned 45 sea lions and seals to the ocean since its founding in March, 1975, by current director Lloyd Smalley.

Other SF State student volunteers are Gina Stevens, Ann Woessner, Sharon Williams, Paul D. Bullard, and Marc Webber.

Webber, the animal curator, oversees all aspects of caring for the animals while they are at the center.

The non-profit organization is staffed by 35 regular, dedicated volunteers, Hamlet said. "There are 15 volunteers who come in once in a while."

"We are in desperate need of volunteers," Hamlet said. "A lot of people are interested in this, but don't know we exist."

The rescue unit has a permit issued by the California Fish and Game Department.

People who spot stranded marine animals contact the rescue unit with information about the animal's size, location and condition. The group sends volunteers with medical supplies to pick up the animal or treat it on the spot.

Hamlet said extreme care must be used on beached pinnipeds.

"People who are not educated about seals and sea lions don't know what to do. They should leave them alone until we arrive. It's important not to stress them more by pushing them into the water."

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INSIDE

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A soiled city spot--Page 7

Their station in life--Page 12

Campus cops criticize job requirements

by L. A. Craig

California State University Police are complaining that their medical and physical requirements are too tough. The police officers also claim the requirements, which have been in effect since May 1976, are unconstitutional and not job-related.

Officer Robert C. Bullock, president of the CSU Policemen's Association on the SF State campus, said the requirements are "ridiculous" and "discriminatory toward our older officers."

"We (the association) are in favor of standardized entrance requirements," Bullock said. "But the ones we have now make no consideration of an officer's age. That's unfair."

The requirements originated in the office of Public Safety Coordinator C.

Norman Lloyd, under authority of Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke. They were based on nationwide research.

The purpose of the requirements is to provide standardized criteria for hiring and retention of officers on all CSUC campuses.

Last May the Public Safety Coordinators began to re-evaluate the requirements to determine their legality.

The officers object most adamantly to the stipulation that any history of back injury, including muscle problems, any history of complete or incomplete hernia and any non-contagious skin conditions is grounds for disqualification.

"That automatically eliminates anybody who ever played football," Bullock said. "Back problems just naturally occur as a person gets older."

All officers, including the chief, must submit to a medical examination twice yearly. Failure to meet all the requirements can result in termination, demotion, transfer (to another campus job), or retirement for reasons of disability.

Depending upon whether or not their disability is job related, officers can be retired at 50 to 75 percent of their salary for life. Officers who are demoted or transferred receive their regular pay, but get no cost of living raises until that pay comes into line with their new jobs.

Since the requirements went into effect, three officers have been retired at 50 percent pay with full medical benefits. One other officer has been relieved of his regular duties and has been assigned to parking patrol at a rate of \$355.00 per month over what

that job normally pays.

The officers are also fighting the proposed physical agility requirements which must be met in addition to the medical stipulations.

They provide that each officer, regardless of age or sex, must run at least one-and-one-quarter miles in 12 minutes, lift and drag dead weight, run 50 yards and hold a stylus steady for 17 seconds, and scale a smooth, six-foot vertical wall.

"These agility requirements are not related to the job at all," Bullock said. "They have no bearing on whether or not you are a good policeman."

According to Deputy Safety Coordinator Doug Robinson, the requirements are based, in part, on the California Peace Officer's Medical Standards which affect all officers in the state.

"Our requirements are basically no different from most city police forces. However, many departments do not require periodical medicals now, but they are going in that direction as a matter of preventative medicine," Robinson said.

"As to the agility tests, they are actually easier than most. Some departments break them down according to age, but ours are based on what the oldest officers should be able to do."

"We need something to demonstrate that our officers are in shape," Robinson said. "The intent is to get them to stay in shape, not to get rid of them."

"We are working on a plan whereby the officers can use a couple of hours of each work day to work out," he said.

The police officers are also claiming the requirements are illegal because they have never been certified by the Fair Employment Practices Commission of the California Labor Board.

Frank Rizzardi, a faculty affairs expert who was in charge of researching the requirements, said they do not need to be certified.

"An agency can set its own standards without state or federal approval as long as they are not found to be discriminatory," Rizzardi said.

"We are currently reviewing the standards to see if they warrant revision. They will remain in effect, but we are observing a moratorium on any personnel action until a determination can be made," he said.

"We hope to have something accomplished by the end of this year."

Police still looking at Chang case

San Francisco Police and SF State University Police have no new leads on the Sept. 11 murder of Jenny Chang.

Homicide Inspector Dave Toschi, who heads the investigation, said they are looking at two possible suspects but are "not even near making any arrests."

Toschi said that although the case is a tough one to solve, "Jenny Chang will not be forgotten."

Campus police have not been able to contact all of the 60 to 70 students who were in the Garden Room of the J. Paul Leonard Library on the evening of the murder. Chang was enroute to the Garden Room (the reserve book room) when she was last seen.

Students who were in the Garden Room that night are asked to contact Inspector William Noonan at 469-2222, or the San Francisco Police Department. Any information provided will be held in strictest confidence.

In case of emergency, University Police can be contacted by dialing 2222 from free campus telephones at these locations:

The north side of the Old Administration building.
The courtyard between HLL and BSS buildings.

The HLL building near room 125.
The HLL building near rooms 241-242.

The HLL building near rooms 337-338.
The BSS building near room 125.

The Science building near rooms 106-107.
The Biology building near room 302.

The Physical Science building near the elevator on the third floor.
The Physical Science building near room 601.

The Gymnasium near the main entrance.
The Gymnasium near the women's locker room.

The Psychology building at the south entrance.
The Student Health Center lobby.

The entrance to the parking garage, Lot 8.
The west end of Modulux 3 adjacent to parking lot 7.

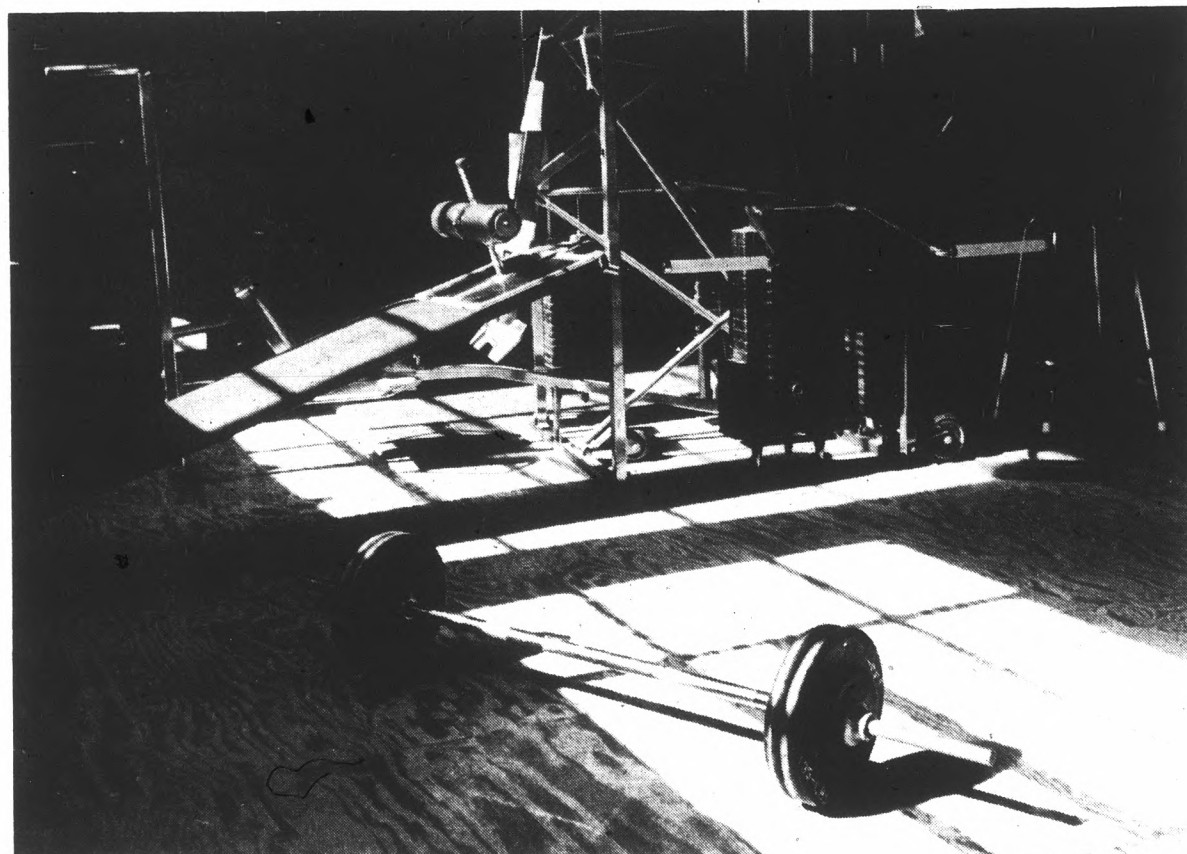
The Education building near room 113.
The Education building near room 303.

The Arts and Industry building near room 115.
The Creative Arts building near room 101.

The second floor of the Franciscan building.
The library at the entrance to the Audio Visual and Computer Center.

The library on the first floor near the public telephones.
The Student Union basement across from the public telephones.

The Student Union on the pillar near the information desk.
The Student Union in the hallway on the mezzanine.



SF State's gymnasium weight room.

Photo by Michael Musser

A place for pumping iron

Swimming and weight-lifting will be available to students every day if volunteers will staff the pool and weight-lifting room in SF State's gymnasium. AS treasurer Michael Greenwood said.

Volunteers for the pool staff must have a senior lifesaving card. Those wishing to supervise the weight room must have some knowledge of weight training.

The pool will be open from noon to 1 p.m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and noon to 2 p.m. Tuesday and Thursday. Hours for the weight room will be noon to 1 p.m. Monday through Friday.

Sign-up sheets for volunteers are available at the AS reception desk on the mezzanine level of the Student Union.

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106	Dec 09 '77	Jan 06 '78	SFO/JFK/SFO	AA B707	28	\$229	Nov 07
107	Dec 22 '77	Dec 31 '77	OAK/JFK/OAK	TV DC-8	11	\$239	Nov 18
108	Dec 22 '77	Jan 06 '78	OAK/JFK/SFO	TV DC-8	15	\$239	Nov 18

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by Dan M

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INSIGHT

Women try on blue collar jobs

by Lori Onstenk

Despite advancements made by affirmative action programs, few women apply for skilled blue collar jobs at SF State. They continue to work in traditional, lower-paying jobs.

Women have not applied for most of the positions because the jobs require training acquired through an apprenticeship, according to Bobbie Kierstead of the Women in Apprenticeship Program in San Francisco.

Apprentice training is sponsored by unions. The openings are generally few and there aren't many women on the lengthy waiting lists. An apprentice works several years to become a journeyman -- a fully qualified member of a trade union.

"Very few unions go out of their way to attract women to apprenticeship programs," Kierstead said.

A 1970 Department of Labor report said that 98 percent of the nation's registered apprentices were men.

Apprenticeships are "tightly controlled by the unions," according to SF State Affirmative Action Director Arthur Lathan.

Since SF State doesn't offer apprenticeship programs, only trained journeymen can be hired for certain skilled positions. Women at this level are more scarce than women apprentices, said Kierstead.

"To the best of our knowledge, there are only two female journey-level carpenters in the Bay Area. So few of them exist, they don't need to come to a group like ours to get a job. There just aren't enough of them to go around," Kierstead said.

The same situation exists for other skilled female blue collar workers, such as plumbers, electricians and carpenters, said Kierstead.

There have been three openings for plumbers at SF State in the last 10 years -- most recently last year. All positions were filled by men, and a

personnel spokeswoman said she doesn't recall any women applicants.

Plumbers here start at \$1,341 a month at "level I" and can make as much as \$1,540 in "level II." Levels are determined by seniority and supervisory skills.

None of the university's blue collar workers are unionized except for those classified as "casual laborers," said Edward Kline, director of Plant Operations. Casual laborers are union workers trained in a particular skill and hired only for a specific job. They are paid union wages. Kline said he could not recall any female laborers used on jobs here.

"The union is the one who picks them, not us," he said. "We don't have any say unless we get a real pill, and then we might send him back."

Kline said his office had a female clerical worker who left to become a plumber's apprentice. He said she could make better money as a casual laborer than as a campus plumber.

"The most the state will pay a plumber or an electrician is \$12.24 an hour. A casual labor electrician makes \$15.10 an hour, and I'm sure a plumber makes an equally high amount," he said.

The jobs dominated by women -- the "pink collar" jobs -- are mostly clerical and comparatively low-paying. The most recent Affirmative Action statistics show nearly three-quarters of the state's clerical workers are women.

In California, 63 percent of the 2.8 million women employed are in clerical, food service and service worker positions, according to recent Affirmative Action reports. Only 1.6 percent are in the crafts or are forewomen, it states.

Clerical assistants at SF State can earn from \$668 to \$1,168 a month, depending on their level -- a big drop from plumber's pay.

Women also work as janitors. In California, 71 percent of all service workers are women, Affirmative Action statistics show. Custodial wages are \$759 to \$906 a month.

The university's day crew consists of eight women and seven men in full-time custodial positions. The night crew has 100 men and five women. Walter Kum, administrative assistant of Plant Operations, said few women are interested in the night shift because it is dangerous.

"Would you like to go home at 1:30 in the morning by yourself?" Kum said. The janitors do not work in pairs, he added.

He said he would like to recruit more women for the night shift. At night women do the same cleaning jobs as men, but they "primarily clean the women's restrooms during the day shift," he said.

Samantha Graff, assistant director of the Student Union, said the Union's custodial staff has seven full-time men and one woman, and 18 part-time positions -- 16 of them filled by men. She said there are more men because the job involves "heavy work."

"Women are hired mainly to clean the women's restroom. You just have to have women to do that. But a lot of other work the janitors do is heavy work -- moving furniture, heavy mopping of floors -- strenuous work," Graff said.

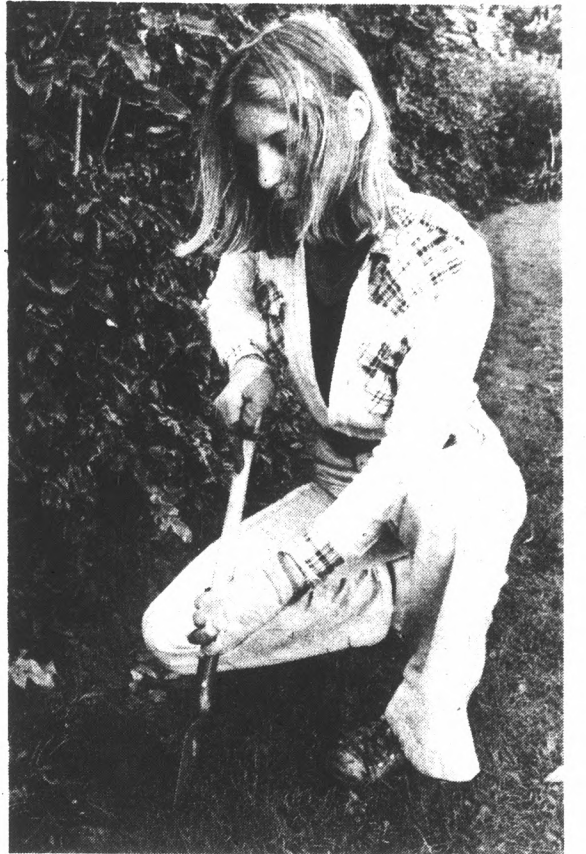
The lone woman janitor, Betty Jones, said both women and men do "heavy work."

"We do everything the men do -- we lift tables, take out the garbage, put out tables and chairs," she said.

Jones said she thinks more women should be hired. "I'll do it (heavy work). And you mean to tell me I'm so different from everyone else?" She said she has worked in the Union for almost two years.

Women also work in food service. The two main food operations on campus are Professional Food-Service Management (PFM) in the residence hall's Dining Center and SAGA foods in the Student Union.

PFM manager Bob Lisberger said his crew has 12 women out of 22 full-time positions. The head cook and baker -- the two highest-paid positions -- are men.



Photos by Michael Musser

...Gail McGowan gardens on campus.

"We have one woman cook, but most of the rest are classified as pantry or cashier," he said.

PFM workers must join the State Union Employees Local 411, Lisberger said. The union recommends a wage of \$3.24 an hour for pantry and line servers, \$3.55 for general utility, \$3.57 for cashiers and \$3.75 for cooks.

"Most of the men here are classified as general utility," Lisberger said.

SAGA foods, according to director Don Lander, has 10 men (mostly general utility) and 14 women (line service workers, cashiers). The head chef is a man and there are no female cooks.

SAGA's union, Service Employees International, recommends lower wages for utility workers and line servers than the State employees union.

In their most recent contract, utility workers signed for wages of \$2.78 rising to \$3.07 in three years. Line service workers are listed as starting at \$2.89 and going up to \$3.18; cashiers at \$3.15 to \$3.48.

Lander said these recommendations are the minimum he must pay. "We could pay someone \$7 an hour if we wanted to," he said.

There are a few women in "non-traditional" jobs at SF State. In Plant Operations, one woman works full-time as a groundsworker and a certified "spray specialist." Groundworkers start at \$894 a month, while gardeners make \$978.

Kline said there is no classification above groundsworker for spray specialist. "We've asked the state for one but haven't gotten it," he said.

Michaela Mougenkoff is one of "four or five part-time women groundsworkers." She said she enjoys her work.

"We do the same work as the men -- trimming hedges, weeding, cultivating," Mougenkoff said.

Lisa Wilson is a work-study student working for Plant Operations as an assistant mechanic. She said she has not encountered as much sexism as she anticipated.

Getting an automotive mechanic's journey card requires a four-year apprenticeship. Wilson said she doesn't know if she will advance to that stage. She said she has been with Plant Operations since Jan., 1977.

"I went into it prepared," she said. "But men have already been broken in. Men have already gotten accustomed to seeing women working on cars and picking up parts. I didn't have to break the ice."



While Lori Collins cuts back a tree...

State employees' lobby --\$600,000 for influence

by Dan Markey

The California State Employees Association (CSEA), an organization with almost 700 members at SF State, spent the sixth largest amount of money to lobby in the state legislature during 1975-76.

The latest report on state lobbying groups issued by the Fair Political Practices Committee said CSEA paid out \$601,721 "to influence legislative or administrative action." The number one spender, the California Medical Association spent \$1.4 million.

"The fund was set up to support the campaigns of politicians who would favor the causes of the workers," said Joe Spurgeon, SF State supervisor of equipment technicians.

With 84,750 dues-paying members statewide, CSEA has been flexing its political muscle in the

become law in 1979.

Assembly Majority Leader Howard Berman, author of the bill, knew AB 1091 would have rough going in the senate, which has been a graveyard for many public employee collective bargaining bills.

"Private higher education in this country, including Stanford, Harvard, Yale and most of your most prestigious universities, are covered under the National Labor Relations Act," Berman said. "In addition, 24 other states have collective bargaining laws for education like AB 1091."

Jim Bald, supervising editor of the CSEA-published newspaper Campus Voice, said a major threat to AB 1091 and other bills which might help public employees is being mounted "by every right-wing politician in the state from Ronald Reagan to John Barbagelata."

The threat has coalesced into the "Wilson Initiative" after its most vocal supporter, Mayor Pete Wilson of San Diego, who plans to run for governor in 1978.

In order to qualify for the June, 1978 ballot, the initiative must be signed by 499,846 registered voters before December.

Bald said the backers of the initiative are attempting to marshal public support by emphasizing it is designed to prohibit strikes by public employees.

"What it also will do is ban binding arbitration, prohibit agency shop agreements and forbid use of union dues for political purposes," said Bald.

The initiative doesn't affect lobbying capabilities, according to a CSEA official in Sacramento, but it does prohibit the use of union dues for campaign contributions.

...85,000 members pay for lobbyists and a public relations staff...

legislature since 1931. Members pay seven-eighths of one percent of their gross salary in dues.

At the depth of the Great Depression the association was responsible for initiating a state employees retirement plan, according to a history published by the CSEA staff.

The history stated that since its inception, CSEA, without the power of collective bargaining or the right to strike, has been negotiating and winning better treatment for state workers.

Collective bargaining involves negotiations between an employer and workers collectively, as a union, to determine wages, hours and fringe benefits.

Lacking the traditional labor relations artillery, CSEA depends on a vast and active membership to carry out its goals. In that sense, it is not a labor union, but primarily a lobbying group.

The Employees Political Information Committee (EPIC), CSEA's political action branch, has generated letter writing campaigns in attempts to sway legislators.

Dues revenue from the 85,000 members pays for three professional legislative advocates (lobbyists) and a public relations staff in Sacramento.

Presently, a CSEA-sponsored collective bargaining bill, AB 1091, for state higher education employees is a key issue for the lobbyists.

The bill was rejected by a 7-4 vote of the Senate Education Committee, after clearing the assembly with a 55-16 vote, August 10, 1977.

However, the bill was sent back to the committee for referral and they will reconsider the bill in January, 1978. It still has a chance to

Lobbying--smoke-filled rooms, star-filled nights

by Dan Markey

Lobbying has long been a way to get things done in politics.

Lobbies have traditionally held a place in American politics, and to some extent their reputation for shady dealing is deserved. But they also represent an important Constitutional right -- under the First Amendment -- and can be an effective force in the legislative process.

The cigar chomping wheeler-dealer, offering women, booze and money to legislators, is not evident these days. He has been replaced by a slick lawyer in a pin-striped suit.

In past years, a number of familiar figures have registered as lobbyists, including Arthur Goldberg, the former Supreme Court justice and Ambassador to the United Nations, Sam Ervin and Richard Nixon.

Like modern businesses, lobbyists have learned the techniques of advertising and public relations.

They marshal support from their constituents -- the National Rifle Association has been known to produce over 500,000 letters from their membership in 72 hours.

Lobbyists supply legislators with detailed information on pending legislation, going so far as to produce drafts of bills. They offer testimony in committee and monitor the work of government on a day-to-day basis.

Recently, "people's lobbies" such as Zero Population Growth, Common Cause and Friends of the Earth have had influence on legislation.

California has had its share of colorful lobbyists.

Artie Samish, who represented clients such as the liquor industry, trucking, race tracks and the University of California, virtually ran the state for more than 30 years.

He called himself "a man who gets things done for his clients."

Earl Warren, then governor of California, said, "on matters that affect his clients, Artie unquestionably has more power than the governor."

Samish's influence even had a bearing on the location of the SF State campus.

In his autobiography, *The Secret Boss of California*, Samish said, "Harry Stoneson presented me with a problem. He owned a big piece of real estate which he wanted to develop for a shopping center in San Francisco. But the

state also had its eyes on the property and started proceedings to condemn it for a college. When the time came for a vote on the bill, one legislator just happened to be absent. The bill died." And Stonestown was built.

Jennifer Cruz is a 22-year-old ex-prostitute and a lobbyist for hookers in Sacramento. She represents CATNIP (California Association of Trollops National Institution for Prostitution), the legal arm of COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics).

Cruz talks to legislators who have expressed interest in decriminalizing victimless crimes. Her goal is passage of a bill scrapping the state's anti-prostitution laws.

The Association of Motion Picture and Television Producers is a powerful force in Sacramento.

According to the Fair Political Practices Committee, 15 legislators reported receiving the equivalent of more than \$5,000 from the association for trips to the Academy Awards ceremonies.

Almost all the lawmakers reported different gratuities for the evening out, ranging from a low of \$215 to a high of \$576.



Candidate Mario D'Angeli at an SF State lecture.

Photo by Bob Andres

A cheap try for supervisor

by L.A. Craig

Mario D'Angeli, SF State Social Work professor, would like to demonstrate how to become supervisor on just \$5,000.

"That's about all I'll spend," he said. "It will be hard, but I would rather do it this way than go to other people for money and have to compromise my political beliefs later. That's why I've waited for district elections."

With perhaps the most important city election in San Francisco history less than two weeks away, Phoenix continues its series of interviews with some of the more intriguing candidates for positions on the Board of Supervisors.

This profile of District Eight candidate Mario D'Angeli is the sixth article in that series.

The election is scheduled for Tuesday, Nov. 8.

D'Angeli, 52, is conducting a door-to-door campaign in district eight (Visitacion Valley, Portola, Excelsior, Crocker). He stands in supermarket parking lots -- one hand on his hip, the other jabbing at the air for emphasis -- telling anyone who will listen about what he'll do if he is elected. But that's a big if.

Running against 12 candidates, D'Angeli has all the qualifications for the job: a B.A. in sociology, an M.S. in social administration, a Ph.D. in political science and a long record of public service.

He is billed as "the thinking man's candidate."

But his credentials may not impress the traditionally conservative, lower-income, working class voters who are a majority in south central San Francisco.

"I think my credentials are more relevant than those candidates with more limited life experience," he said.

Although most of the supervisory candidates agree that crime is the paramount issue in this campaign, D'Angeli said his first priorities are organization and unity.

"This district was a homogeneous area thirty years ago," D'Angeli said. "There were old family neighborhoods, people knew each other and were close."

"Today, people are too isolated from each other. We have many non-families and the gap of ethnic differences is widening."

D'Angeli said he plans to establish a district cabinet with representatives from all district organizations, a Neighbor's Night when citizens can meet and express their needs and a district office with a full-time assistant to help with community problems.

However, the hazards of increased bureaucracy do not bother D'Angeli.

"I'm not opposed to creating a few small problems if they can help us in solving our bigger ones," he said.

"Of course, I'm not forgetting the problems we have with crime," D'Angeli said. "To the law and order types I say we need to get tougher on crime, starting with a reversal of police cutbacks."

D'Angeli said he would like to form a corps of para-professionals -- local youth who want to get into police work. He said federal money could pay for these programs.

"Youth leisure is a definite cause of crime in this district," he said.

D'Angeli also blames much of the district's crime rate on drug users who steal to support their habits.

"We must do much better in the field of anti-drug programs," he said. "I believe that many of our so-called drug rehabilitation centers are nothing more than gathering places where drugs can be easily acquired."

"Possibly we should consider the British system of providing drugs for some users to keep them from resorting to crime," he said.

Another big problem in D'Angeli's district is unemployment. His solution is to increase industry by attracting tenants to San Francisco's many empty commercial buildings.

Here, too, he sees organization as the key.

"There has been far too much lip service about full employment," he said. "We will never get anywhere if we are willing to tolerate five or six percent unemployment. We should shoot for three percent, or less."

"There are many groups working for full employment. But they all lack effective leadership, they all work against each other in a receding job market," he said.

Although D'Angeli is not one of the front runners in the district eight race, he does have a chance for a dark horse victory if the other candidates can splinter the vote enough to give him a majority.

"I think my campaign can be a sleeper," he said. "I think I have a damn good chance of winning."

Dana Carvey gets last laugh in SF comedy competition

by Robert Rubino

For a year and-a-half, Dana Carvey earned about \$150 doing stand-up comedy. On Sunday, the 22-year-old SF State senior earned \$500, numerous bookings for paid engagements, and his picture on the cover of a national magazine.

Carvey was the winner of the second annual San Francisco International Open Stand-Up Comedy Competition, held before a standing room only crowd of about 800 at the Old Waldorf club.

"That was by far the largest audience I've ever performed for," Carvey said. "It was such a total high, such a joy, it actually helped deter my nervousness."

The competition was a grueling affair that began six weeks ago with 30 hopefuls. Carvey was one of five finalists to perform on Sunday.

"The competition was so close," Carvey said. "It could have gone to any one of us. I was encouraged by the camaraderie among us throughout the competition. We were all in it together."

Carvey began performing 18 months ago, making his debut at La Salamander in Berkeley.

"It started out as a hobby," Carvey said. "Now that I'm earning money at it, of course it's more than a hobby. But I feel I've got a long way to go and a lot to learn before thinking in terms of stand-up comedy as a career."

But a career is nonetheless forming for Carvey, and rather quickly.

On Nov. 25 and 26 Carvey will appear at the Old Waldorf on the same bill with Tower of Power. He has several other paid engagements next month, including an appearance at the prestigious Mocambo Club.

Laughmaker News, a nationally distributed magazine devoted exclusively to comedy, will feature Carvey on the cover of their November issue.

"The phone hasn't stopped ringing since I won on Sunday," Carvey said. "It's weird to think in terms of getting an agent at this point because I think I'm not good enough yet for any big time stuff. But if people keep calling at the rate they have since Sunday, I'll eventually need one. Right now I don't even know how much to charge."

Carvey blends several different styles in his comedy and continuously works on revising his material.

On Sunday he did imitations of Jimmy Stewart smoking pot and a satire on macho cologne ads. Accompanying himself on guitar, Carvey did Jimmy Carter as a punk rock star.

Carvey's parents made the trip up from San Carlos on Sunday and were, of course, overwhelmed at their son's success.

"My mother has always been supportive," Carvey said. "Now that I'm making money at comedy, my father is all for it, too."



Comic Dana Carvey does his stuff.

Student ID cards lost in transcontinental shuffle

About 150 SF State students do not have their photo I.D. cards due to loss through processing.

Errors have been frequent this semester, according to a spokeswoman from the Photo I.D. office. Pictures were not matched, photos didn't turn out, cards were lost, and Social Security numbers were printed incorrectly, she said.

"This semester has been the worst yet," said Director of Admissions Charles A. Stone. He said errors have increased in the three years SF State has been sending the cards to a New York firm to be processed.

The student body card is necessary for checking out library materials, cashing checks in the bookstore, using the student health center and getting discount student tickets to events.

New I.D.'s take four to six weeks to be processed. In the meantime, students without cards may use their fee registration cards as a temporary I.D. The cards were enclosed with registration packets and are stamped to show that the semester's fees were paid.

Stone said the chancellor's office is designing a photo I.D. that can be used by all 19 schools in the system.

"With the new photo I.D., a student at SF State would be able to go to any of the other state college campuses and check out a book from the library," said Stone. He added that the new cards could be processed in a few minutes on campus instead of being sent to New York. Stone hopes to see the multi-campus I.D. implemented in fall, 1978.

Health insurance delayed

Health insurance forms will be delayed -- again.

The forms were due to be mailed last week, but problems arose with the insurance broker and the printer, said Rick Kornowicz, Student Health Center health educator and health insurance advisor.

Students should receive the brochures next week, he said.

Forms are usually available for students during the first week of each semester. But this year, the brochures will be two months late.

Delays were caused by the changing of insurance companies, the AS budget freeze, and the misprinting of brochures. Also, former AS manager and health insurance coordinator Jose Rodriguez resigned this summer before final insurance plan contracts were signed.

Kornowicz said he hoped the problems with health insurance would be solved with Renaissance Inc., the new broker.

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Fri. "Floyd": 7:00, 11:05. "Song": Once only at 8:40.
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Tues., Wed., November 1-2:

GENE HACKMAN in
"FRENCH CONNECTION"
and
"FRENCH CONNECTION II"

"Connection I": 6:45, 10:40. "Connection II": 8:40.
(In at 6:45, out at 10:25. In at 8:40, out at 12:20)

Thurs., Fri., Nov. 3-4:

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—Judith Crist, Sat. Review

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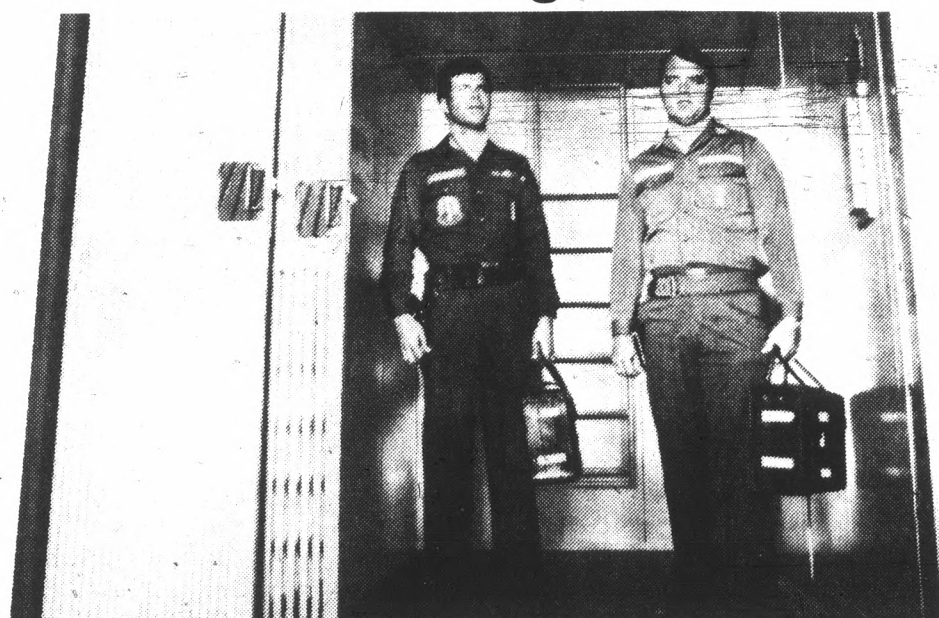
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Rescue squad for sick seals

Continued from Page 1

The volunteers check the animal to see if it is stressed and determine whether it will fit into a cage in the back of their truck.

"If it's too big for the cage, we treat it on the beach, as fast as possible," Hamlet said. "Also, it depends on how heavy the animal is. Even a baby can weigh 350 to 400 pounds."

An adult male elephant seal can grow to 12 to 15 feet long and weigh up to three tons.

Volunteers are trained how to handle sea lions and seals during a rescue, Hamlet said.

"You have to remember these are wild animals. They are very mean and can bite a hand or an arm off. We don't have many injuries, but some people have had pretty serious bites. Usually, if you're injured, it's your own fault."

Most rescues occur during the pupping season, Hamlet said. Pupping season for elephant seals is from November to January, for harbor seals, from April to early July, and for California sea lions, from May to July.

When a porpoise or dolphin is rescued, it is usually taken to Marine World.

All animals brought in to the pinniped care site at Fort Cronkhite are named, numbered and tagged so they may be traced after their release, Hamlet said.

"We released four baby harbor seals in September," she said. "Three of them have already been seen by rangers."

Critically ill animals are usually

kept inside the building, while less seriously sick ones are kept in outdoor runs, said Hamlet.

Unlike dolphins and porpoises, pinnapeds do not have to be kept wet all the time. Elephant seals require wetting about every half hour and other species require less frequent wetting, she said.

The animals are cleaned at least two or three times a day, and less ill ones can use small plastic wading pools.

When not in the water, "the sea lions waddle around on their flippers, following people around like dogs," said Hamlet.

The caretakers give their patients enough attention to meet health care needs, but they try not to let the animals become attached to humans.

The animals are fed frozen fish and a special formula of sea minerals, salt, vitamins, cod liver oil and fish meal.

Each animal's case history is charted by the staff. "We are able to observe them on a 24 hour basis. This gives us a unique opportunity to study their behavior under stress in captivity," Hamlet said.

The Fort Cronkhite site is open to the public from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. seven days a week. If an animal is seriously ill, someone observes it all night, Hamlet said.

The Marine Mammal Rescue Unit gives slide shows and has a library and display rooms open to the public. Hamlet said they sometimes have seals and sea lions for viewing.

When the animals are returned to health, they are released at the rookeries. Elephant seals are normally released at the Farrallones and harbor

seals are usually released on the Marin headlands below Fort Cronkhite. California sea lions are released in the Pt. Reyes area, Hamlet said.

Zenger's

Continued from Page 1

if it was copyrighted. If the name was not copyrighted but had been used for a long time, it could fall under a common law copyright.

There would be less risk of an infringement of copyright if a disclaimer of affiliation with the AS accompanied the name on the front page, the attorney said.

Editor of Zenger's Hasina Roach, said, "We were going to deal with a printer who wouldn't charge that much - we could have done it (published) with ads."

There is no shortage of volunteers, said Roach. Zenger's has already received a number of stories and have photographers ready. Typesetting of copy has already begun.

Wednesday afternoon Roach gave instructions to a typesetter to "go ahead and set the Zenger's copy."

According to Leidy, Michael Greenwood said the AS has "no intention of publishing Zenger's." Greenwood was not available for comment.

Provost Donald L. Garrity said he didn't think President Paul F. Romberg would release AS funds specifically for Zenger's. He said there were unanswered questions about Zenger's policies and procedures that must be clarified before the budget is approved.

Announcements

Phoenix accepts announcements for free publication in this section as space permits. Submissions must be typed neatly and may be no longer than 100 words. The deadline is Friday prior to publication. Announcements must be delivered to the Phoenix newsroom, HLL 207.

Wilbert Petty, an officer of the U.S. Information Agency, will discuss careers in cultural and informational affairs on Tuesday Nov. 1 at noon in HLL 154. The Teaching English as a Foreign Language (TEFL) Students Association and SF State's Placement Center will sponsor the program.

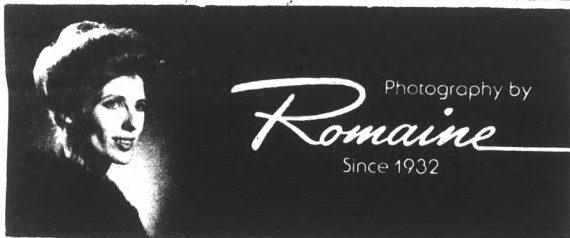
Dr. Rouben Akka, assistant medical director of SF State's Student Health Services, will present a program on hypertension on Thursday, Oct. 27 at 10 a.m. Free blood pressure readings will be taken at the program. Dr. Akka will also meet with interested students on Wednesday, Nov. 2 at noon to answer questions about health. Both programs will be held in the library-conference rooms of the campus Health Center.

Director Saul Landau will present two of his films, "Jamaica" and "Interview with Allende," on Monday, Oct. 31 at noon in the Student Union Barbary Coast. The SF State Socialist Union will sponsor the screening.

A Council for Exceptional Children meeting to discuss the up-coming CEC staff convention in Los Angeles will be held on Wednesday, Nov. 2 at noon in Student Union B-112.

A free introductory Transcendental Meditation lecture will be given on Wednesday, Nov. 2 at 1 p.m. in Student Union B-112. The program is sponsored by the Students' International Meditation Society.

"A Day Without Sunshine," a film about farm laborers in America, will be presented by the United Farm Workers Campus Support Organization on Friday, Nov. 4 at noon in the Student Union Barbary Coast.



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(continued from page 11)

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Groves Nurses Registry is hiring nurses for float positions in acute care hospitals. Nursing students who have six months acute care experience please call 433-5950 between 9 & 5 for appointment.

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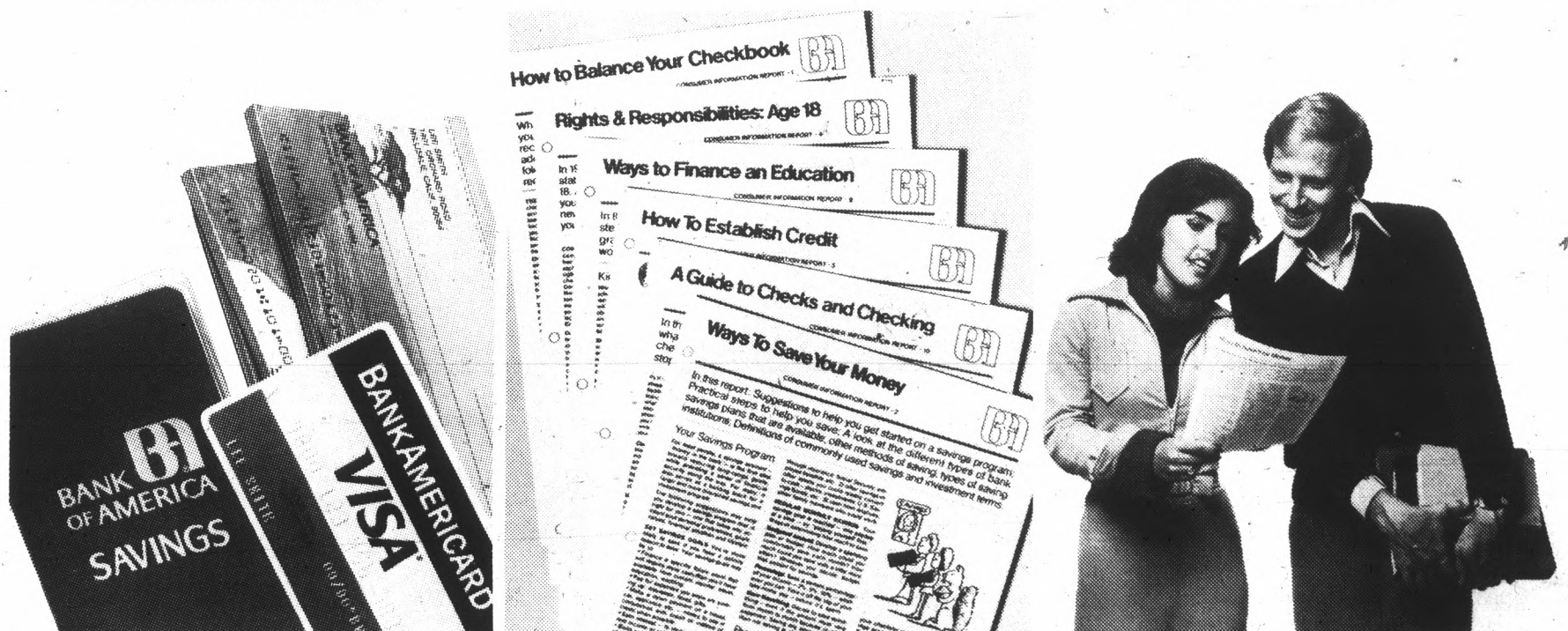
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OPINIONS

Curriculum pains

Most college students patch together a four-year curriculum based on requirements, whim, and a smattering of forethought. Seniors often discover a forgotten requirement when it's too late to cram it in before graduation.

At worst, this could mean spending an extra semester at school. This misery could be reduced if academic departments scheduled classes a few semesters in advance and simplified degree requirements.

A student who gets shut out of a required course may be forced to postpone it, figuring "next semester is soon enough."

If he finds out too late that the course won't be offered again until sometime in the uncertain future, he'll be left hanging. He'll have to crowd his schedule later, when he can least afford the crunch.

Perhaps courses that departments cannot schedule every semester could be number-coded by the interval at which they'll appear. Then, students can specifically plan to catch the class next time around.

Advance planning is essential at a crowded university. Students must know when important classes will be offered, otherwise they risk playing requirement roulette.

The conflicting needs of day versus night students is a continual debate.

Day students should be given greater consideration by program planners since they are making a temporary career of educating themselves.

All required courses should be offered during the day, though this doesn't preclude scheduling some sections at night also. Also, though the needs of night students are important, anyone should be able to earn a degree here without ever seeing a post-6 p.m. class.

Finally, an improved advising program is at the core of efficient planning. Students must know in advance what options are open to them and what the university requires in return for a degree.

Still no science major

by Russell Pike

Igor Stravinsky's mythical firebird arose from the ashes of its funeral pyre to become a magnificent phoenix.

No such grandiose creature has arisen from the ashes of the old Interdisciplinary Physical Science (IPS) program nearly three years after the fire stopped smoldering.

Although the IPS became the Center for Interdisciplinary and Innovative Science in 1975, the change was merely cosmetic.

Granted, the courses offered by CIIS have undergone an almost total change from pre-CIIS days, but no general program exists which reflects the outlook of the department. No biology program is listed in the current

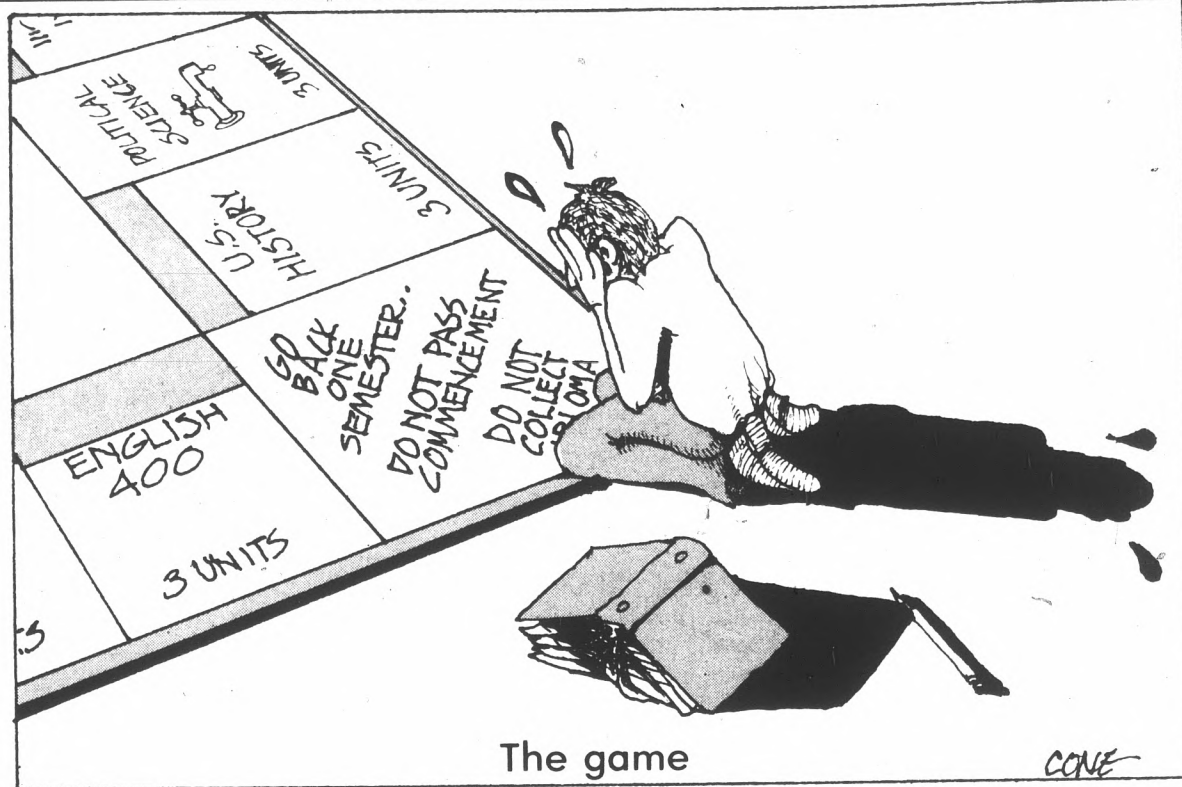
bulletin. The CIIS course description promises "a broader interdisciplinary program is being developed and will be offered in the near future."

This same promise has been in the two preceding bulletins as well. Students wishing to combine life and physical sciences still must design an individual major.

After three years, it should not be necessary for a biologist looking for an integrated program to have to go through the protracted negotiations required to develop an individual major.

Will the bureaucratic foot-dragging ever end?

Or will yet another bulletin contain the weak promise that a CIIS major is being developed for next fall -- again?



TV ads grant women second-class citizenship

by Lisa Smith

According to a 1976 Screen Actors Guild survey only 38 percent of women who appear on television commercials have principal speaking roles, but that's enough to solidify the image of the American woman with her foot in her mouth.

The stereotypes portray young women as vapid morons who seek the counsel of their friendly neighborhood busybodies or their all-knowing husbands.

Mrs. Olson tells them "vich coffee iss da richest kine." A man tells his wife where to get off when he uses her spray dusting product to clean the wall paneling.

Such revelations! The prophets of profits are here to point the way to household salvation and deliver us from evil -- the "other brand."

Woman is shown to be a creature who is infernally ignorant about her body. She must be told which laxative to use, how much iron to take, and

how Geritol will make her more attractive to her spouse.

A brightly chirping health nut brings her up-to-date on the latest form of feminine protection. She just isn't smart enough to know how to take care of herself.

This brings up the question of mental health. Sponsors depict women as nincompoops plagued by phobias of an insidious nature: ring-around-the-collar, George's cigar stench, and germs in the toilet bowl.

Some women have visions. One talks to a tiny little kewpie doll who tells her which tissue is the "softest." Is there any hope of rehabilitation for these victims of the ad writers?

Perhaps one of the worst blows dealt to woman's image is the flooding of network ads with female celebrities that once portrayed the ideal housewife.

Florence Henderson of "Brady Bunch" fame raves about "Wesson-ality." June Lockhart's portrayal of the mother on "Lassie" qualifies her

to be an expert on dog food. The lady luminaries think nothing of cooperating with this distortion of womankind to pick up a few extra bucks.

That any woman would concede to making these rancid commercials for the lobotomy box is sad. And it's a fact that men are still getting the highest paying roles.

The Guild survey states that men dominate "voice-over" roles, parts that are spoken off-camera, at a figure of more than 90 percent. Furthermore, women are outnumbered by men two-to-one in the field.

Women are not Mary Hartmans who virtually identify themselves with TV's cardboard dolls, but if we continue to be bombarded by this pathetic propaganda, there is no telling what form of psychosis could overtake us.

One fatal day, we may find ourselves offering a piece of naked cake to a group of friends, advising them it's the kind that is so good, they won't want to wait 'til it's frosted.

Crime judged normal

The rape reaction

by Eric Newton

A recent Harris poll shows that by 71-15 percent Americans reject decisions by judges that suggested defendants charged with rape should be let off because "by the way women dress and act these days, they often provoke men to commit sexual acts," the San Francisco Examiner reported.

The following is a case heard by one judge not afraid to buck majority opinion.

A decent, all-American judge just declared "crime is a normal reaction to today's society."

"They had the right idea in Wisconsin with that rape case," Justice Harvey Spearplunker told reporters yesterday. "But they didn't go far enough."

Earlier this week Spearplunker let 50 burglars and a mass murderer go free with the warning "try to do better, guys."

"Think about it," he said, "all those gaudy store-front windows, large, see-through, and right there on the street! Cameras, rings and television sets -- displayed willfully NAKED!"

"No wonder the men were tempted."

"Every day, this money-grubbing society bombards people with temp-

tation. We can't help it if some people give in."

"They see those cars shining seductively, and those things on TV, shamelessly open to view. You can't help but want them."

Spearplunker said he'll go right on, releasing thieves until "society wises up."

"Advertisements should be abolished. All products, especially cars, should be wrapped in plain brown paper."

The mass murderer, he said, "was just mixed-up."

"His father was screaming at him. He had been out all day looking for a job. He'd just watched a depressing TV show. Besides all that, his sister stole all his grass."

"His father kept a gun in the house. The temptation to pick it up and start shooting was just too great -- no normal human could resist."

"I can safely say he'll never kill that family again," Spearplunker confided. "If he'll never do it again, well then, he's cured."

"I'm sick of sending people to jail who couldn't help themselves," he snapped. "This is it. From now on, anyone who comes into my court -- thieves, rapists, embezzlers, murderers -- will get what society never gives."

"Understanding."

LETTERS

Abolish the AS

Editor:

The obvious lack of concern which "our" student-body president has exhibited toward student needs shows that, like Bakersfield and Sonoma State, we don't need a student government. On this campus, student government serves two functions.

(1) it administers services and programs which could be administered equally well (perhaps better) by University officials, and

(2) it provides petty, egotistical, power-mad students with salaries in return for behaving irresponsibly.

Maybe we should admit that student government is not a government at all -- that it is useless and counter-productive. We students might do well to get rid of it, and without the headaches.

John Unaretti
Classes

Three hours wasted

Editor:

Your editorial regarding negligent teachers was an issue well taken. The article itself became part of an incident involving a negligent teacher last week.

After finishing a class at 4 p.m., I remained on campus waiting for a 7 p.m. class. I read a copy of the Phoenix, noting the editorial and the accompanying cartoon. This cartoon's caption contained the word "paradigm" which is a favorite subject of the professor of my class.

At 7 p.m. I walked to my class, noting the absence of fellow classmates from the corridor where they usually congregate. I searched for an explanation.

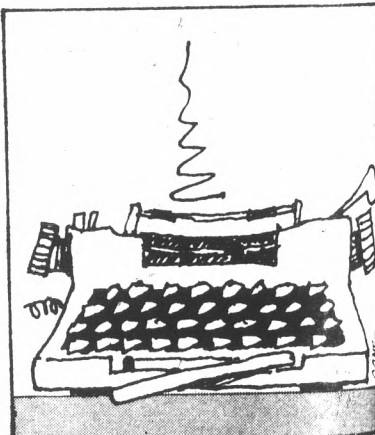
I finally found a note which said "class canceled" taped to my teacher's office door.

Naturally I was disturbed by realizing I had wasted three hours waiting to attend a canceled class. Other classmates also had some things to say about coming to school for no reason.

I really don't know what the solution to this problem would be. Total responsibility should be demanded from all faculty.

I want you to know that you do effectively state my opinion on the problem. The problem of negligent teachers is undoubtedly the number one irritation to SF State students.

Name withheld by request



Damned typewriters

Editor:

There are over a dozen typewriters in the two typing rooms on the fourth floor of the library. Yet about half of them are unusable simply because there are no ribbons in them. Although a sign in the typing room refers the prospective typewriter AS, this turns out to be an even sadder reality.

No one up there seems to know anything about typewriter ribbons at all where they can be located. Since it is supposed to be the responsibility of this inept organization to supply ribbons for the damned typewriters, I'm sure it would not be too much to find some manner of making them available.

Better yet, AS, why don't you send one of your busy, busy officers up to this hole at least once a week to make sure that all these expensive machines are not lying idle merely because of an absence of typewriter ribbons? This is bullshit!

Howard Pearlsman

More inside stories

Editor:

I have been reading Phoenix since the first publication of this semester. There have been articles that I enjoyed and things I wouldn't bother having my worst enemy read.

Being most of your readers are students on this campus, I feel that more on-campus reporting would benefit the paper and those who read it.

Rarely do I read anything about the activities happening in the Creative Arts Department. Sure, you always hear about the plays that are going on, but what about the inside story of the production? All the scenery that is built is not an act of God but people working day and night to get everything ready for opening night.

I am sure that in every department on this campus there is an interesting story that would be worthwhile to report. Help make this campus more than an abstract development.

Marcia Peser

Desecration of Union Square

by Jude Novi

When I walked through Union Square in downtown San Francisco last week, I was met by the usual bunch of resident scruffy drunks and vagrants.

Many of them were sitting on the sidewalks and park benches, with patches of saliva smeared on their chins, and it amazed me how people in their 20s -- the blossom of life -- could have such aimless stares on their faces.

"Hey, buddy," one of them called. "You know where I can get some cheap cocaine?"

I said no, and he shrugged and wiped his nose with the palm of his hand.

"Well, how 'bout a dollar, then?" he said. "You got a dollar I can have?"

It doesn't seem long ago that Union Square, which borders the Powell St. cable car line, was a much more welcome place.

It was a place where old folks living in the Tenderloin could bask in the sun and enjoy whatever comforts could be gained from a well-worn park bench.

"But that's all changed, now," Police Sergeant Edward Fowlie said. He heads a five-man patrol of the Union Square area.

"Now the place is being over-run by these so-called undesirables, coming from other parts of the city. We average about 50 arrests a week in that area. But mostly it's misdemeanors -- things like public drunkenness, begging, loitering."

"And I suppose the next day they're right out in the streets again," I said.

"That's right. After all, how long can you keep a guy in jail for drinking wine out of a paper bag? For a policeman, it's pretty frustrating. You begin to feel like a sort of social garbage-man."

One Union Square loiterer has a different opinion on the subject. Jesse has been hanging around lower Powell Street for four months now. He's 29, and lives mostly on the disability benefits he gets from having lost two toes in the Vietnamese war.

Before coming to San Francisco, he used to live in Los Angeles and San Diego, doing pretty much the same thing as he does here -- "living the sweet, who-gives-a-damn life."

As he spoke, he carefully rolled a marijuana cigarette.

"Watch out for the pigs," he said.



Photo by Martin Jeong

"One of my buddies, he saw somebody get busted for smoking dope here in the Square, just two days ago. And that's the whole problem, see? It's a lack of individual rights."

"I mean, if I want to hang around here all day and drink beer, and pitch quarters against the wall with my buddies, why shouldn't I be able to? Who the hell am I bothering?"

"Well, a lot of people say it's bothering folks who just might want to enjoy the area," I said.

Jesse coughed roughly, and spat on the ground.

"Listen, that's not my problem," he said. "I mean, if some tourist wants to sit here and smoke a joint with me, that's fine. I won't mind a bit."

As I walked away, I wondered if the likes of Jesse would eventually smear themselves over other parts of the city.

After all, I thought, it'd be a shame if the rest of us got in the way of their "individual rights."

PHOENIX 1977

Phoenix is a weekly laboratory newspaper published during the school year by the Department of Journalism, San Francisco State University. The official opinions of the Phoenix editorial board are expressed in the unsigned editorials. The editorial content does not necessarily reflect the policies or opinions of the Department of Journalism or the university administration.

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Howard Pearman

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Marcia Pesco

LETTERS

Play fare, Muni

Editor:
In response to the editorial concerning Muni service and fare increases in the Phoenix of October 13, I would like to make it clear that a fare increase is not a foregone conclusion at this time. There is something that students can do to prevent it and help reduce the aggravation that I quite agree Muni causes us daily.

Muni's proposal of a possible fare increase was in response to the requirements of AB 1107. In order to qualify for state sales tax money, the transit system must raise .33 percent of its operating expenses from farebox revenues.

It has been proven by experience that an increase in fares invariably brings with it a loss in riders and falls hardest on those with low incomes who are also the most dependent on public transit. A loss in riders would mean that San Francisco's streets would become even more crowded, with automobile traffic than they already are.

Muni should be making an honest effort to improve efficiency and increase ridership -- for instance by getting those 85 "disabled" buses back on the road and making some needed schedule and route adjustments as soon as possible -- rather than trying to solve the problem of efficiency by raising fares.

Any fare increases proposed must be given full public hearing before the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission and the Board of Supervisors. Let's keep a close eye on the Board of Supervisors.

At its next monthly meeting, the San Francisco Muni Coalition will be considering the question, "Why can't Muni run on time?", the possibility of fare increases and what we can do

about it. Contact Wade Hudson of the SF Muni Coalition at 956-7453.

It is extremely important that we not just complain about what is wrong with Muni. We must make the personal commitment to take an active part in influencing transit policies that are established by our elected representatives.

Paula Hennig

Humanitarian skills

Editor:

In last week's article, "Doubts about College," Katherine Ayers made a good point: "The new hang-loose educational system for all its non-judgmental, progressive, sophisticated relevance, is not doing its job -- which is to teach people the basic skills of communication, comprehension, and problem-solving."

But she may be misled by erroneous public opinion when she inferred that humanities classes do not teach these skills. Her argument is backwards. Instead of blaming the system she'd be wise to motivate those students who do not reach out to acquire the necessary basic skills. And in my opinion, the humanities should be the last school of this university failing to teach basic skills for those who seek them.

The student who sincerely desires to broaden his image of himself, his relationships to others and things, and who objectively reflects about the universe will not only master basic skills, he may discover a treasure of knowledge pointing to what it means to be human, something some students feel is impractical and romantic. Instead of blaming the system, motivate the non-judgmental, sophisticated relevant who think a little reflection, debate, and problem-solving is a worthless semantic exercise for idealists.

The humanities, as an integrated approach to the arts, could be better described as a rigorous and disciplined, intellectual and emotional, problem-solving art, which demands the upmost objectivity and sensitivity. In other words, it requires the full potential of a person, and specifically teaches thoughtful reflection, open communication, and the critical analysis of facts, opinions, and perceptions.

But these skills cannot be drummed into a student's bank of ideas, or handed over by his teachers. One has to reach out for it.

Acquiring a humanities education is difficult, but the hardship lived through leads the way for the development of more than basic skills. After all, what makes you human is that high degree of skill that you can effectively communicate, comprehend and solve those problems which confront you, alone, and in your own time.

Steve Rafter

Mel doesn't go here

Editor:

As a student at SF State, I am interested about what goes on on campus. Your newspaper gives me this information in about the first three pages, but I think the rest of the paper is a waste of both money and time if it doesn't inform not only me, but the rest of the students on campus as well. I, for one, would like to know more of what goes on in classes as well as on campus.

Let me point out that I am of my own opinion, and not that of the rest of the AS.

Please try to contain this paper to campus information, not something about Mel Brooks. He doesn't go here, the students do.

Besides the number of articles, I think the paper is great. Keep up the good job.

Noel Carella

Bring on iron virgins

Editor:

My attention has been drawn to Mr. Cary Tennis' letter (Oct. 13) about the Great Electric Telegraph, now affixed to what may be whimsically called the facade of the Union. Bee-dung, Mr. Tennis. That thing is not an apotheosis, an analogue, a picture, or an arbiter.

The nub is that neither technically nor artistically is that sign anything to write home about.

Why must we have such a boring sign? Where are the light-emitting diodes? Surely we have passed beyond the tedious linear Ben Grauerisms of the flashing incandescent bulb. Why not holograms? Then we could see outdoors the soap operas that blast from a color television right this minute in a darkened Union room.

Anything that would get people out of that building would be a benison.

The Student Union should have eschewed this niggardly penny-pinching, spent some real money, and gotten a hot sign. Perhaps something

like one of those European clocks that have sent out every noon for hundreds of years clanking iron virgins, gaudy grotesques, welded apostles, mechanical Mjors who hammer bells with battle axes.

Perhaps the outline of the entire Union building could be picked out in fairy-lights, sure to be stunning in the fog. A little imagination, a lot more folding money, some mechanical mediaevalism, and we could have a sign what's a sign.

Robert Barnett

Incredible slander

Editor:

In Israel inequities exist. This I do not deny. And this I did not fail to mention in a leaflet questioning Dr. Shahak's credibility as an authority on human rights in Israel, which was distributed at a forum held here at San Francisco State University where Dr. Israel Shahak spoke.

During the question and answer period I mentioned my activity in the human rights movement and other progressive movements. I asked him whether he could in fact contend that because I believe in Zionism that this made me a racist. His reply was "Yes, and not only that but you are a Jewish Nazi!"

Needless to say, I deplore Nazism as every Zionist and human rights activist does and there is nothing I have said or written which could have warranted such an incredible slander.

Unfortunately the audience

responded by breaking into enthusiastic applause in a blind and automatic obedience for his words.

I will continue my activism for human rights especially here in San Francisco, where a dangerous Nazi organization is growing. But let me leave you with one thought: if a man can speak before an audience of university professors and students, lie, and be caught lying about at least one statement that he makes and even then not correct himself, how can this audience be sure about other statements that he makes?

William Solomon

Mystery sponsor

Editor:

We understand that one of the sponsors of last Tuesday's Israel Shahak's talk was the International Relations Department.

Representatives of the Jewish Student's Union met with Dr. Marvin, Chairman of the I.R. department. He disclaimed prior knowledge of sponsoring this event. Dr. Marvin was apparently unaware of Tuesday's talk.

During our discussion with Dr. Marvin, we urged him to publicly disclaim sponsorship of this event. We feel it is very irresponsible when an organization reverts to imaginary sponsors for one of their events. Never Again!

Rick Wolfish
Mark Drexler
Jewish Students Union
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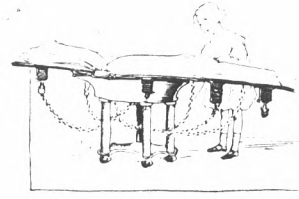
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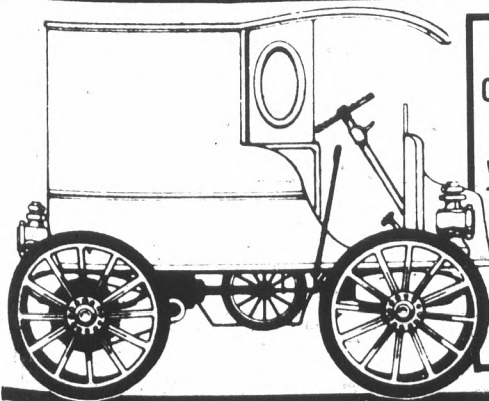
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SPORTS

He's no rookie when it comes to minor league baseball cards

Thirty-year veteran Dick Dobbins bats 1.000 in card trading game

by Robert Rubino

LAFAYETTE—Dick Dobbins is a man for one season—baseball. For millions of fans, the season ended nine days ago when Reggie Jackson shouldered his way to a televised jock strap-and-champagne party. For Dick Dobbins, though, the season never ends. He's a collector.

He collects virtually anything connected with baseball—uniforms, photos, gloves, autographs, contracts, programs, bats, balls—but especially cards. His baseball card collection exceeds 25,000, mostly Pacific Coast League cards, some of which date back to 1911.

Until this past summer, Dobbins' collection was about five times greater than it is now.

"I sold 100,000 cards for about \$8,000," Dobbins said. "It financed the family's trip to Europe this summer. We would have never been able to do it otherwise. Besides, the cards I sold were mostly duplicates."

The cards Dobbins kept were meticulously mounted on thick pages of finely textured albums. Dobbins said his collection of Pacific Coast League cards is the most extensive anywhere. A glimpse through the scrapbooks revealed cards of heroes-to-be Joe DiMaggio, Billy Martin and Ernie Lombardi. Closer looks revealed names and pictures of players less renowned: Mace Brown, Red Faber, Harry Hooper. Nearly all the cards in the collection were autographed.

"I send out a lot of cards to the players and ask for autographs," Dobbins said. "About 95 per cent of them are returned with the signatures, too. The older fellows, or the guys who've been forgotten—they get a kick out of signing the cards."

Dobbins, 43, has been a collector for 30 years. When he was married 20

years ago, he established a unique union of two Pacific Coast League card collections.

"I married my wife for her baseball card collection," Dobbins said, not entirely in jest.

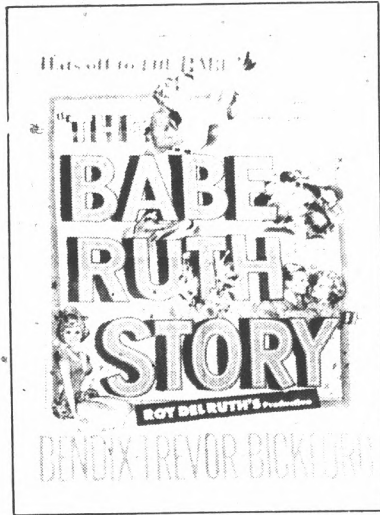
Judy Dobbins not only had her own impressive collection, but she was an avid spectator at Oakland Oaks games for years, long before the Giants and A's moved west. Judy met Dick at an Oaks game. Soon after, they decided to take the plunge—and merge their baseball card collections. For a 20th wedding anniversary present, Judy gave her husband a handwritten letter from Casey Stengel dating back to the mid-'40s.

Dobbins never wanted to be a ball player. "I could never hit a curve," he said. But at 6-foot-4 and about 220 pounds, Dobbins looks like an athlete. He has coached high school football and for the past six years has been dean of boys at Acalanes High School in Lafayette. Two years ago, Dobbins wrote an article on Berkeley-raised Billy Martin that was published in the *Berkeley Gazette*.

Last Saturday, Dobbins coordinated his sixth annual convention of baseball memorabilia collectors at Acalanes. Other sports collections were featured, but baseball dominated. More than 500 people showed up to sell, trade, buy, bicker, barter and hustle the national pastime.

People had a good time, but with 78 tables of merchandise and the constant banter of bartering, the atmosphere was out of a department store.

Katie Mattson of Santa Rosa featured a complete major league baseball card collection from 1957. It went for \$50. John Bonasera of San Jose offered Press Guides to the major league teams dating back to the early '60s. They sold at \$5 to \$10 apiece.



David Young of Los Angeles had a collection of original tickets from the July 4, 1923, Jack Dempsey-Tom Gibbons heavyweight championship fight at Shelby, Mont. They were considered a bargain at \$15 each. Young also displayed a Los Angeles Laker program from that team's first game ever in Los Angeles. It was signed by the entire team, including such forgettable mortals as Ray Felix and "Boo" Ellis. Asking price was \$30.

A 1954 Pittsburgh Pirate yearbook was going for \$15. Twenty-year-old issues of *Sports Illustrated* could be had for as little as 30 cents each, 4 for \$1.

An unidentified man sat behind his merchandise, scowling like an embattled baseball manager. A customer had returned, unsatisfied.

"I don't want to complain or nothin' like that," a 14-year-old said. He was unbuttoning an Oakland A's shirt with the name Blue stitched on the back atop the number 14.

"What's the problem, kid?" the man asked.

"A friend of mine just told me that it couldn't be Vida Blue's shirt, the size is too small."

"Look," the man said. "I don't know nothin' about the size. I trust the source that sold me the uniform. If you don't think it's genuine, I'll give you your money back."

The kid hesitated; he seemed embarrassed. He finally asked for his money back.

"I'm just as happy to have it as not to have it," the man said. He specialized in allegedly authentic uniforms: George Blanda's Oakland Raider jersey carried an \$85 price tag, as did O.J. Simpson's. Dick Allen's ill-fated "Wampus 60" Oakland A's uniform was "on sale" for \$50.

Dobbins approached the table and showed interest in a California Angel uniform reputed to have belonged to Frank Robinson.

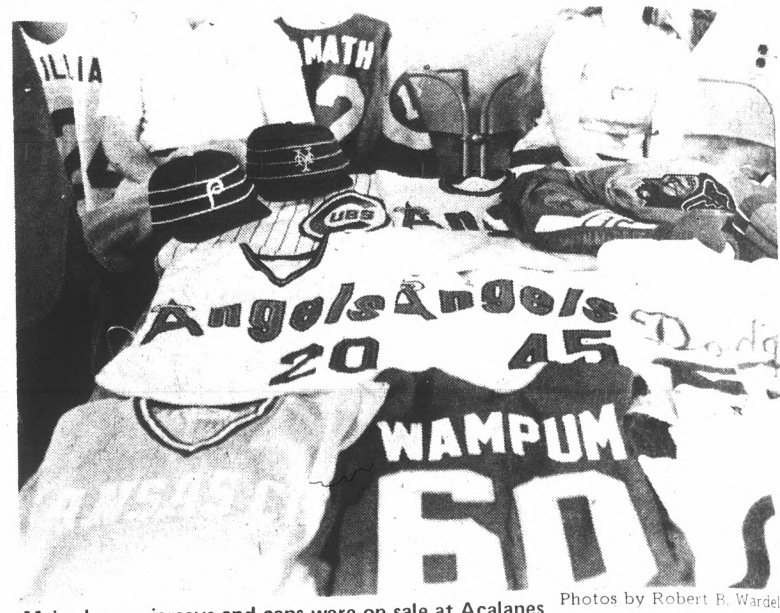
"Eighty dollars," the unidentified man snapped.

"What's this?" Dobbins asked, holding the uniform shirt closer and inspecting the stitching.

"The stitching here looks a little ragged on the back," Dobbins said. "You sure this is real major league?"

"I have no reason to believe it's not the real thing," the man answered.

"The stitching on the back is really ragged. And it looks like there was another name sewn on and then F. Robinson sewn on over that. Look."



Major league jerseys and caps were on sale at Acalanes. Photos by Robert R. Wardell

"The front is good, look at the stitching in the front," the man said. "Besides, someone else could have had the uniform before Robinson. That's possible."

"It's possible," Dobbins said. "But I don't think it's real."

"I'm just as happy to have it as not to have it," the man repeated.

The assembly was almost all white, suburban middle-class folks who were quite serious about collecting. There were a few phonies who hadn't much to offer besides Willie Mays juice glasses or Maury Wills placemats, but there was at least one possible eccentric. He was a middle-aged man who declined to identify himself. But he swore that he was once a successful stockbroker and had given it up because he found he could earn more by trading and selling baseball cards.

The trading was brisk throughout the day.

A Rick Barry game jersey was traded for a 1952 Mickey Mantle card

in fair condition.

Newspaper clippings from the 1962 Giants-Yankees World Series were traded for a 1954 Oakland Oaks yearbook and \$5 in cash.

A 1908 Baseball Record Book from Spalding was sold for \$120.

They began at 9:30 in the morning and most of them were still wheeling and dealing at 5:00 in the afternoon.

Taped to a wall, without a tag because of its obvious priceless value, was a 1948 movie ad poster for *The Babe Ruth Story* starring William Bendix. In bold letters the poster commanded:

"See the cheer by cheer, thrill by thrill, tear by tear story of America's favorite guy!"

For some, the season never ends.

Everybody into the pool

SF State's pool will be open for recreational swimming Monday through Friday during the noon hour, Athletic Director Paul Rundell announced.



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HOMECOMING!

On the Road to Sacramento

Reporter searches for Gators--finds danger and Dorothy Lamour's daughter

by Ed Lit

SACRAMENTO—Before I started my trip here, I had some prejudices. Having lived in Philadelphia, Los Angeles and San Francisco, I was a big city boy, so it was with a snicker that I started my journey to this comparatively small town to report SF State's football game against Sacramento State. By the way, SF State won 19-7.

When Bing Crosby died last week I decided to continue the *On the Road* adventures he started with Bob Hope. So, I suggested to my roommate Andy that he come to Sacramento as my sidekick. Together we would have a mad cap adventure as ace reporter and bumbling photographer. It didn't matter that Andy never took a decent picture in his life.

Andy borrowed a camera, loaded up with film and we headed *On the Road to Sacramento*.

Since my car radio didn't work, I carried on the Crosby tradition. I started to sing. Andy thought he was Bob Hope and made fun of my crooning.

After an hour, Andy fell asleep and left the driving to me. I found Sacramento without any trouble and headed downtown to ask for directions and to go to the bath room.

I found the bus depot. I woke Andy up and told him to find out where the campus was. I went to relieve myself.

I climbed the stairs, and proceeded to spruce up. My city slicker appearance had to be slicked down before I made my small-town debut. I was combing my hair when I noticed two cowboys, complete with spurs, jingles and jangles—boots, fresh with fertilizer, and 10-gallon hats, making fun of me.

I turned around slowly and walked toward the exit. Without

getting too far, I found myself sandwiched between a John Wayne look-a-like and Matt Dillon's cousin.

Since they were hanging out in the men's room, I didn't know what they wanted from me. Actually, I had some idea of what they desired. I didn't want any part of it.

Just then, who should come barreling through the door? It was none other than my faithful companion-photographer Fearless Andy. Andy was in such a hurry that he knocked over the two mammoth, sphinx-like cowboys.

They were completely bewildered and off balance so I grabbed

"The only thing I knew about Sacramento was that it was the name of my favorite tomato juice brand"

Andy and darted out the door for the car. We made it just in time. The two bad guys were on our heels as we sped away.

Before Andy rescued me, he managed to get excellent directions to the football game. We arrived just in time to see the Gators head for the locker room.

We knew we were late, but we thought it might only be half-time.

As I got close to the locker room, I heard shouts of, "Nice game, let's go party!" I saw Kenny the ballboy, my reliable source, and asked, "What's going on?" He laughed when he realized I had just arrived.

The game was over. We didn't want to turn around and hit the road again.

I asked some of the players what there is to do on a Saturday night

in Sacramento.

Tony Watson, who caught two touchdown passes, is a Sacramento native. He suggested we go night-clubbing. But where? The only thing I knew about Sacramento was that it was the name of my favorite brand of tomato juice.

Watson said, "Old Town," so off I went with Andy.



Old Town turned out to be new and exciting. We didn't run across a whole bunk house of cowboys either. Oh, there were a few scattered about, but the wide ethnic variety and the fashionable dress made Old Sacramento quite chic and eclectic.

Most of the restaurants were closed by 11 p.m. But we realized even in San Francisco not many eating places remain open late—unless you classify Doggie Diner as an eating place.

A nice lady directed us to Fat City, a late night supper club, complete with antique bar. "Fat City" was furnished with stained glass, velvet upholstery, copper planters and a good-looking crowd.

The food was excellent. Ripple was not one of the house wines.

Andy ordered a steak sandwich that he had a hard time finishing, not because it was tough but because there was so much of it. I had a flaky spinach quiche to match my personality.

We stayed a few hours, enjoying the music and scenery, then decided it was time to head back to the big city.

As we came out the door, we bumped into two familiar-looking characters. It was the cowboys we escaped from back at the bus station.

They pinned us against the wall and were about to sock it to us when I remembered what Crosby and Hope would do in this familiar situation.

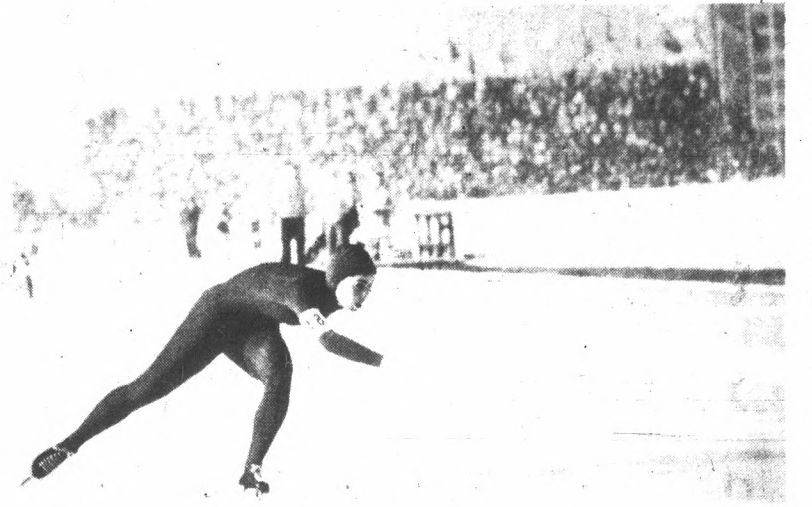
"Paddy cake, paddy cake, baker's man."

We confused them by clapping each others' hands and singing.

Then POW—we hit them in the stomachs and fled.

We ran out into the street and my car came rolling up. A glamorous get-away driver (must have been Dorothy Lamour's daughter) whisked us away into the night.

Our trip to Sacramento was complete. In the tradition of Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, we came for football and went home with wine, women and song.



Sheila Young skated to three medals in the '76 Winter Games

Sheila Young: a skater in perspective

by Monroe Schacht

Sheila Young's legs carried her to three speed-skating medals in last year's Winter Olympics, but some people are still critical.

"I heard a funny comment from some couple earlier in the evening. The guy told his girl friend how fat my legs were. I don't care what anybody says. I'm proud of my legs," said Young, who won gold, silver and bronze medals at Innsbruck, Austria.

She was in town recently promoting the '80 Games at Lake Placid, N.Y. Young, an advisor to the Games, said the theme will be "An Olympics in Perspective."

"Those words speak for themselves, but I can say this won't be another Montreal, which, I think, turned out to be a financial disaster," she said.

Montreal's Summer Games cost nearly \$2 billion. Lake Placid hopes to spend only \$70 million, of which \$50 million will come from the federal government.

Young believes the outlook for American athletes is good. Their success depends on motivation, she said.

"If they want to win badly enough and if they want to work hard, then they've got a chance."

A lot has happened to the 26-year-old Young since her Olympic triumphs. She won yet another gold medal at the World Sprint Championships in Berlin last March.

Young dabbled in cycling to keep in shape for skating, but had never competed in the unpredictable sport—a stalking, tracking, cat-and-mouse mixture of tactics, reflexes and intuition. She entered the World Sprint Championships in Italy and upset defending champion Sue Novara.

Young, a native of Milwaukee, springs from competitive athletic stock. Her father, who raised the four children after her mother died when Young was 13, was a speed skater, cyclist and her coach.

Her mother was in the National Cycling Championships in 1943, and her brother Roger, won a gold medal in the Pan American Games in 1975 and was a member of the U.S. cycling pursuit team and two U.S. Olympic cycling teams.

Strange facts from the whacky world of sports

The citizens of Beisdorf, Germany, got mad as hell about a sports car race careening through their sleepy village, so they decided not to take it any more. Around 4 a.m., they blocked Beisdorf's main street with logs. As each car screeched to a halt in front of the barrier, townspeople rushed the

cars and snatched the keys from the ignitions. The race was eventually rerouted.

Allen Dale Murphy killed two, 2,000-pound buffalo in one day near Fairbanks. Murphy, who used just two bullets, was eight years old.

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ARTS



Leanne Tintori-Wells, Henya Stone, Joel Mullennix and Diana McNally portray the Brontes, in "The Bells of Haworth."

Powerful drama of Bronte brood

by Pamela deDeugd

The moors of Yorkshire, England -- fog shrouded and lonely -- produce a pitiful brood, but the story of those children has inspired a remarkable play.

"The Bells of Haworth: The Brontes" is the story of sister authors; Charlotte ("Jane Eyre"), Emily ("Wuthering Heights") and Anne ("Agnes Grey") Bronte, who wrote under the names of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell during the mid-1800s.

Haworth remained the home of the father, Reverend Patrick Bronte, his wife, and his six children throughout their lives. Patrick outlived them all.

The Calvinist minister's wife died soon after the birth of her sixth child. His two eldest daughters died of tuberculosis in one of the spartan boarding schools later described in "Jane Eyre." His only son Branwell died at 31, a drunk and an opium addict. Anne, the only family member to leave and be

buried outside Haworth, and Emily, died within months of his death. Charlotte, the only one of the six children to marry, died of a chill nine months after her marriage.

Through use of "interpreters' theatre" -- the actors play several roles and also serve as commentators. Author and director Alex S. Flett, Associate Professor of Theatre Arts, attempts to expose the audience to the Brontes' literature, through excerpts from letters, diaries and chapters from the novels.

There are no elaborate settings, no props, and all the characters remain on stage throughout the play. By means of skillful direction and set coordination, the actors serve as a liaison between the audience and action on stage.

In its worst moments the play is confusing, but exceptional acting, particularly in scenes from the novels, gives the play extraordinary strength and motion.

Henya Stone plays an exquisite Jane Eyre in the moving reunion between Jane and her former master Mr. Rochester. She is cool but shows an undercurrent of emotion as the strong-willed yet wistful Agnes Grey in a scene from Anne's novel of the same name.

Diana McNally does a splendid job as both Charlotte Bronte and the mercenary Catherine in a scene from "Wuthering Heights."

David Lodge comically typifies the Scrooge-like Mr. Carus Wilson, in an exaggerated depiction of the director of the orphanage school attended by the Bronte daughters.

Joel Mullennix, appropriate in his role as the weak, degenerate Branwell, is also convincing as the dashing, scheming Heathcliff of "Wuthering Heights."

"The Bells of Haworth: The Brontes" runs nightly in the Arena Theatre at 8 p.m. through Saturday, October 29.

Filling a need

Art - for and by women

by Ann Mamer

The Women For Women Art Gallery, the only women's art gallery in San Francisco, is young but thriving at the Women for Women Educational Center. In its second month of existence, the gallery has a one-woman show by artist and SF State student, April Hannon McConnell.

Several mediums are exhibited in the show which occupies three rooms of the gallery. The styles and modes of expression McConnell works in are combined to show her growth as an artist. Her works range stylistically from an oil on canvas entitled San Francisco Morning to a pointillistic work called The Prophet. One of the more intriguing pieces is an untitled collage which combines Eastern imagery with impressionistic painting.

The last room in the gallery is devoted exclusively to McConnell's portraits in oil and pastel.

"I love portraiture," she said at a recent gallery reception. "The people I draw continually teach me about myself as an artist and a woman."

In 1971 April McConnell entered Louisiana State University as an art major but left school after two years to become a professional portraitist. "I worked in Jackson Square in New Orleans, where they have a good tourist trade," she commented. "Unlike San Francisco, an artist can make a good living there."

Although her stint as a professional portrait artist in New Orleans was financially successful, McConnell returned to school in 1975, entering SF State.

The artist sat on pillows in the informal gallery and spoke about her academic experiences to a small but attentive group at her reception. She has the kind of beauty Picasso would have admired: tall, with long dark hair and large, offset blue eyes.

"I won't even enroll in a painting class at State anymore, mainly because I'm easily crushed by criticism," she said.

Dissatisfied with the BA program at SF State, April developed her own program in Art Therapy. This program enables her to explore the further possibilities of self-awareness through self-portraiture sessions (mainly for non-artists) that she devised at Louisiana State University.

"An objective of this kind of therapy is to unblock through creativity whatever a person has repressed inside," McConnell said. She feels that creative effort is therapeutic

in a more positive way than traditional forms of analysis.

Reva Siegal, coordinator of the center and a part-time sociology instructor at SF State, said the idea for the gallery was spawned when she and her friend Marlana Beckman, an artist at SF State, discussed the closing of a Women's Art Center.

"We realized at the time that there was no place that women who were not established in the art world could show their work, and we thought the center could provide that space," Siegal said.

The gallery affords women artists the opportunity to promote, publicize and be totally involved in the process of exhibiting their own work.

Women For Women Art Gallery provides women artists the opportunity to display their work as well as offering them an opportunity to organize and operate an art gallery.

"By focusing on women artists," explained Marlana Beckman, coordinator of the gallery, "we will increase public awareness of the high quality of art by women."

"When an artist is just beginning to exhibit her work, it's a very transitional period in her life," Beckman said. "It's hard, especially for women, who don't get enough encouragement from the male-dominated art world. We feel this is a safe place for them to show their work. We give them the support and constructive criticism that every new artist needs."

The show featuring the works of



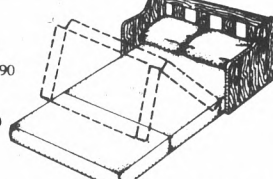
Untitled collage by April McConnell.

McConnell will run through October at 421 Locust Street in San Francisco. The gallery is open Saturday and Sunday but the hours vary. Call 668-7112 for information.

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Calendar OCTOBER 27-NOVEMBER 3

FILM
Today and Friday--"Rosemary's Baby," with Mia Farrow and John Cassavetes. Today: 4 and 7:30 p.m. Friday: 8 p.m. Student admission: \$1. Barbary Coast/Student Union.
Friday--"Casablanca," with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Peter Lorre. 7 and 9 p.m. in McKenna Theatre of the Creative Arts Building. Student admission: \$1.25. Cinematheque.
Monday--"The Battle of Algiers," (Italy, 1966) with Jean Martin and Brahim Haggis. 12:15 p.m. in McKenna Theatre of the Creative Arts Building. Student admission: \$1. Cinematheque.

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MUSIC
Sunday--The Bulgarian Quartet of Sofia will perform a contemporary and classical program at 3 p.m. in the McKenna Theatre. A Mozart Quartet, "The Hunt," will be featured with Ravel's "Quartet in F," a Spassov Quartet and Golinov's "Quartet No. 4." Free.
Tuesday--SF State's Pro Musica Nova, under the direction of Herbert Bielawa, hosts a program of new music from Poland, featuring guest composer and percussionist Marta Ptaszynska. Pro Musica Nova will be joined by members of the Theatre Arts Department, under the direction of Jack Cook.

POETRY
Wednesday--SF State's Poetry Center opens the Fall series with readings by James Broughton and Helen Adam at the SF Museum of Modern Art, located at Van Ness, at 8 p.m. Robert Duncan will introduce the poets. Admission to the reading will be \$2.

THEATRE
Today and tomorrow--"Chamber Music," by Arthur Kopit. Noon in room 102 of the Creative Arts Building. Brown Bag Theatre.

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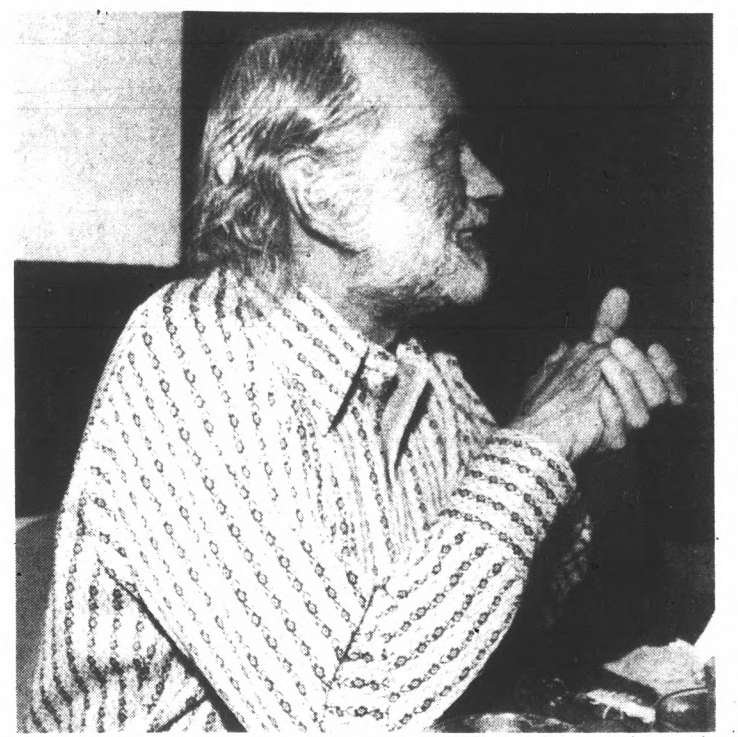
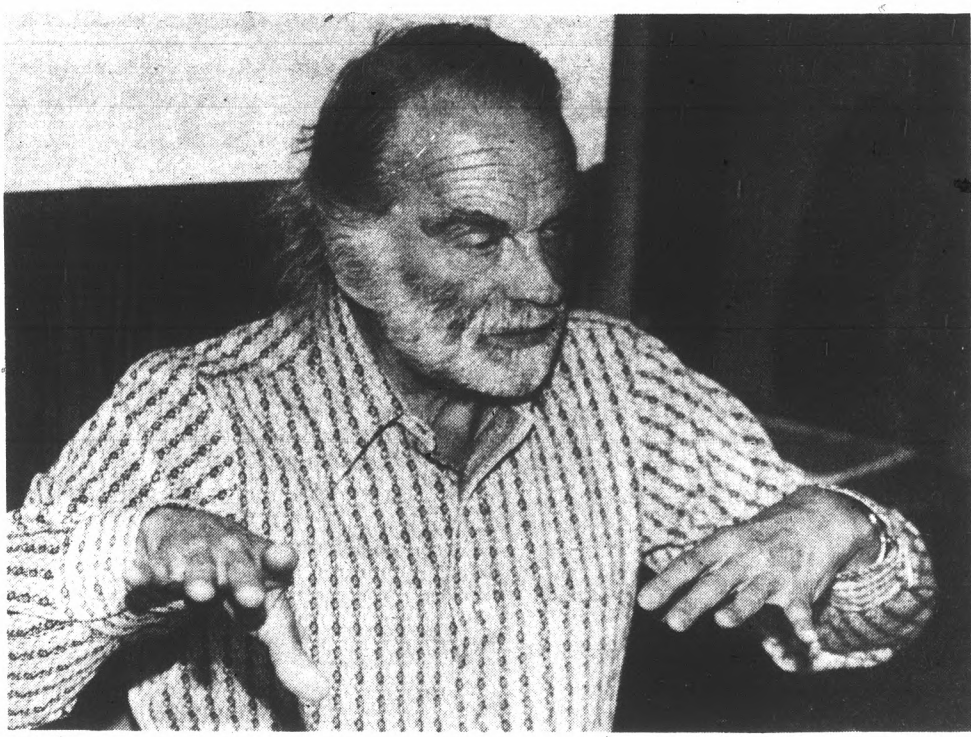
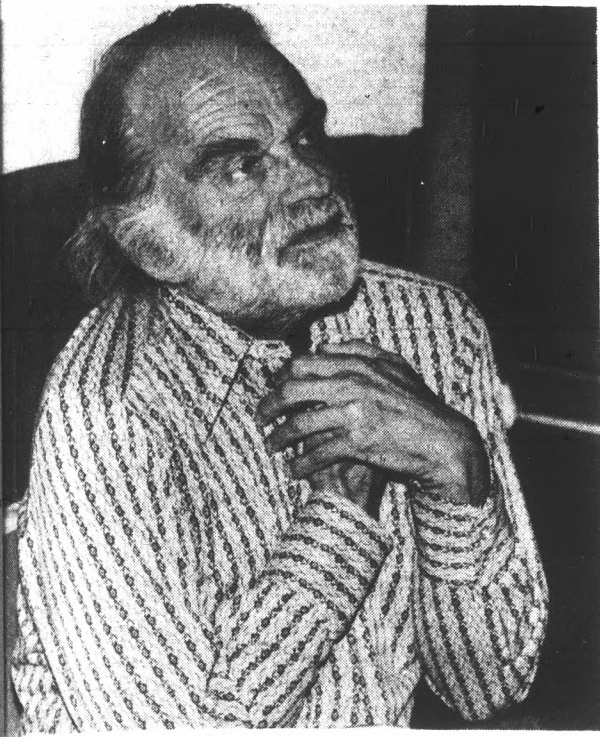
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Broughton--An old poet who is growing young



Photos by Anatole Burkin

by Robert Rubino

For Bay Area poet/filmmaker James Broughton, life begins at 64.

"I feel younger every year," Broughton said last week as he sipped a cappuccino at the Art and Dessert Gallery coffee house in North Beach.

"I felt old and suicidal when I was 30. I'd worry about things like purpose and direction in my life. Age has taught me to let life live me, to surrender to my creative life force."

Broughton's "life force" has inspired a prolific career spanning 31 years, 11 volumes of poetry and 16 films. But the past holds little interest for him.

"I try not to cling to my work," Broughton said. "Once a project is completed, it's time to go on to something else, to live in the here and now."

Broughton's face is reminiscent of Hemingway's, with the weathered complexion, the intense eyes, the salt-and-pepper beard. His voice is an off-beat blend of resonance and effeminacy, half Orson Welles and half Truman Capote.

But Broughton's most arresting trait is his humor -- which he displays lavishly in his poems, his films, and at the coffee house.

"Are you James Broughton, the poet?" a darkly dressed, scholarly looking woman in her mid-thirties asked as Broughton bit into a sandwich.

"Yes, I am," Broughton answered.

"You've grown a beard," the woman said, very seriously and with a touch of unclear indignation. "But you've grown a beard, I see," she said, almost accusingly. "But I see you haven't," Broughton deadpanned while chewing. "What a pity."

Public recognition doesn't bother Broughton. In fact he claims to enjoy it -- even if people are mistaken about who he is.

Broughton was approached by a young man who mistook him for Charles Bukowski -- another poet whose work is very bitter, tough and political -- everything that Broughton's work is not. The man feverishly talked

about social injustice and the politics of poetry, still convinced as he left that he had spoken to Bukowski.

"When I was in London a few years ago," Broughton said, "somebody thought I was Laurence Olivier. I just played along... we had a lovely chat."

Broughton ordered another cappuccino and told the waitress, "This is good stuff, it will keep me awake for two days." Then he pointed to his half-eaten avocado, cheese and tomato sandwich, laughed and said, "But I can't eat this, it looks like the Italian flag or something."

Critics and fellow filmmakers have praised Broughton's avant-garde films, but he prefers to call himself "A poet who happens to make films. Film is not primary with me, poetry is. The films are extensions of my poems -- it's a way to illuminate them."

Broughton's films have earned him featured exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the National Film Theatre in London, the Pacific Cinematheque in Vancouver, the Royal Film Museum in Brussels and the Danish Filmmuseum in Copenhagen. But they have earned him little else.

"I have absolutely no business sense," Broughton said. "I don't make movies for money, I wouldn't know how even if I wanted to."

Broughton said that to make poetic films, one had to take the cloistered vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

"Poverty," he said, "because you'll be forever in debt... begging from friends and foundations."

"Chastity because you'll be wedded to your work and your wildest escapades will be with it."

"And obedience because your life will be in the service of an endlessly demanding tyrant -- the camera."

Broughton's first solo film was "Mother's Day" (1948), a humorous recollection of childhood in which a family of adults behave as they did when growing up.

"The Bed" (1968) was Broughton's erotic celebration of just about anything that can transpire in a bed, from birth and death to fetichisms and lechery.

He wrote the poem "The Song of the Bed" for the film, excerpted above:

*You spend a third of your life in bed
with sickness, sex, and sleeping.
You can have a good laugh with your love in bed.
It's where on earth you come to birth
and most of childhood spend.
It's where you come and where you don't
and where you come to an end.*

(Odes For Odd Occasions,
1977, ManRoot)

"The Golden Positions" won Broughton top honors at the First International Erotic Film Festival in 1970. The film is a playful tribute to the potential of the human body.

Broughton has always had a fascination for dance "as a primitive expression of human beauty and movement," and he often uses dancers in his films. In his 20's, Broughton toyed with the idea of becoming a dancer, but decided he didn't have the talent.

A critic once labeled Broughton's work as "mindless," but the poet says he pays little attention to the opinions of others.

In his book on filmmaking, "Seeing The Light" (1977, City Lights), Broughton wrote, "True poets are as anarchic as Jesus. They particularly love revolutions, for revolutions are symbols of freedom from the major enemies of art: cops, critics, and collective inertia."

In his art and in his public life, Broughton's leprechaunish spirit of playfulness dominates. But he acknowledges an opposite nature.

"You can't avoid depression," Broughton said. "It's part of life. You have to go to the pits of depression in order to reach ecstatic levels. I appreciate when depression strikes because it can be a good teacher. I can view life as if from an eye of a hurricane and I can learn from it. But it's a total waste of time to stay depressed."

Broughton's poetry almost always addresses itself to the celebration of life, either romantically or humorously. His verse is simplified and with nearly the same sing song rhythm of nursery rhymes.

"It's hard work to write in a simplified fashion," Broughton said. "And I consider myself a perfectionist."

A close friend and admirer of the late guru-

philosopher Alan Watts, Broughton wrote a poem in honor of Watt's 50th birthday.

*Is it true that at birth he gave a great shout
and said, I've already figured life out in my thoughts,
said Baby Watts?*

*Did he also remark to his parents from the crib,
Your concept of truth is a childish fib, you cloths,
said Little Watts?*

*Though much we'll never know of this remarkable man,
let us toast him tonight like soits!
Hail Alan Watts!*

(excerpt from Odes for Odd Occasions,
1977, ManRoot)

In the 60's and early 70's, Broughton taught at SF State's Film Department.

"I enjoyed the teaching," Broughton said. "I loved the students but hated most of my colleagues. I didn't really fit the image they had of what a teacher should be."

Born in Modesto in 1913, Broughton said his family had no appreciation for artists and offered him no support.

"Fortunately," Broughton mused, "I came from a family where everyone died young -- so it was easy to live my own life."

His heroes are not contemporaries: Shakespeare, William Blake, Gertrude Stein.

"And Lewis Carroll," Broughton added. "I would have loved to have written 'Alice In Wonderland.'"

Broughton claims to be religious, believing in a life after death and is still a "practicing Episcopalian."

"Religion is easy to get along with," the poet said. "It's the theology that's ridiculous. I mean who cares if the Virgin Mary was really a virgin or not?"

According to Broughton, nobody takes advice and nobody should -- but it's fun to offer it anyway. His advice to would-be poets: "... you've got to live poetically. That means, among several other things, you can't be career-oriented, you can't live nine-to-five, and you can't worry about making money."

James Broughton will give a poetry reading sponsored by SF State's Poetry Center, on Nov. 2 at 8 p.m. at the Museum of Modern Art.

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UNCLASSIFIEDS
(more on page five)

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BACKWORDS

The voyage to the end of the night

by Robert Rubino

Photos: Bob Andres

Except for the computer voice, public address system, the Greyhound bus depot at Seventh and Market Streets is creepily quiet. The lobby is about 75 feet long and nearly three times as wide. It smells of dirty laundry.

Parts of the walls are lined with square-shaped lockers barely big enough for luggage and hopes. The concrete floor of the lobby begins in a wide fluorescent-lit lobby of ticket counters, arrival and departure schedules, plastic chairs, transients and lonely looking people.

To the left, behind the plastic chairs supporting bovine people, are the stairways leading to the lavatories. The smell of urine is nearly overpowering on the stairway to the men's room. Inside, there are twenty-one urinals bolted to the wall. These porcelain receptacles are low-slung and virtually without sides, offering no privacy.

To the right of the ticket counters is the cafeteria, a small and non-prosperous looking purveyor of cardboard carrots and pasty potatoes. But the prices are right and the food is hot, which is more than you can say about the not so hot dogs that cost \$1.20 in the terminal beyond the lobby.

There are plastic chairs facing every which way on either side of the terminal. Some of the chairs are futuristic metal-flake rootbeer colored and have six-inch black and white televisions attached to them. For a quarter you can get twenty minutes of miniature wasteland and poor reception.

A large white man with a defeated face and bulging eyes slumped in one of the chairs while watching televised baseball. His body had the shape of a top. He wore a battered Giants' baseball cap. A small black man with bloodshot eyes clutched a rolled up brown paper bag and asked the larger man about the game.

"Who's winnin'?"

"What?"

"What's the score?" the small man asked.

"The Yankees," the top-shaped man said without looking away from the six-inch television.

"No, not that game." "I don't give a damn about no Yankees. What's the Dodger score?"

"What?"

"The Dodgers, man..."

"They already played."

"What was the score?"

The large man's eyes finally moved from the television. His jaw hung open and his nose was running.

"Did I say the Yankees? I meant Kansas City. Kansas City is winning."

"No, not that game. The Dodgers..."

The large man stared at the tube. He answered no more questions. The small man shrugged his shoulders and wandered through the terminal, picking up cigarette butts and looking for change in the coin return slots of the phone booths. Occasionally, he asked someone about the Dodger score.

You can get a shoeshine for 75 cents in the terminal and there are vending machines filled with candy and gum, sandwiches and soda. The man selling those hot dogs, at least on the Friday night shift, is bleary-eyed, ruddy-cheeked and friendly.

The floor is cluttered with litter, food and crushed ice spilled randomly throughout the place.

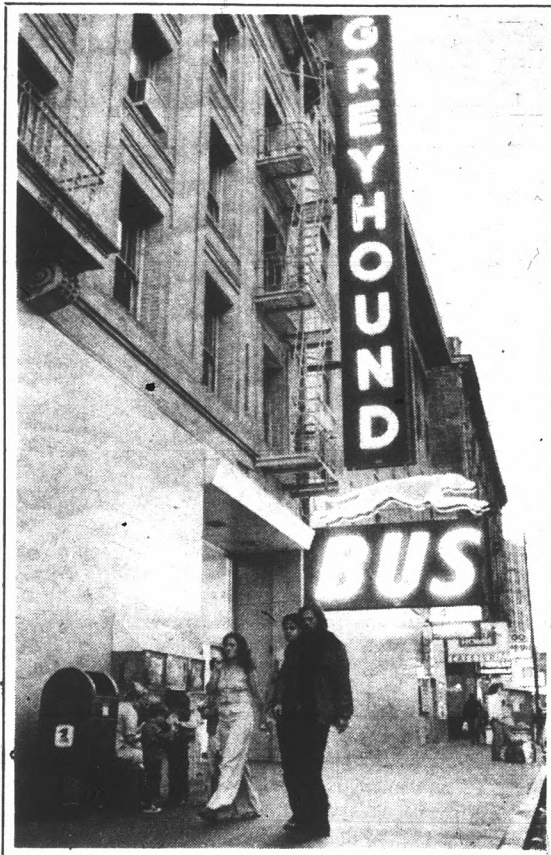
Wall space without vending machines or lockers is taken up by telephone booths, three pinball machines and a photo booth. At the far end of the terminal, the walls end and then it's wide open spaces where the buses arrive and depart.

People arriving are smiling, their faces charged with anticipation. People leaving are often frowning, seemingly frightened or desperate. Then there are those who have the expressionless faces of those who are neither coming nor going, ever.

One of the latter was a tall, bearded man in his 30's. He was dressed in cowboy boots, blue jeans and shirt. He spent at least three and a half hours of a Friday night walking throughout the terminal. Occasionally, he sat and stared for a few minutes. When he walked, his jeans continually slipped below his hips, exposing his ass. Sometimes he stumbled on his falling pants.

A chubby, dark haired 10-year-old girl with luminous brown eyes was hysterical. She cried that her mommy hadn't come. Tears bathed her cheeks. She stood in the bus terminal alone with a hundred strangers.

One of the strangers decided to care. She was a tanned, tight-faced woman of about 40, dressed in a beige pantsuit. She had orange hair. She spoke sincerely,



"What's the matter? Why are you crying?" "My mommy isn't here," the girl cried. "She's not going to be here," she cried, choking on her tears.

"Where is your mommy coming from?" the woman asked. "Where was she taking the bus from?"

"Salinas," the girl answered.

The woman found out that, indeed, the bus from Salinas would be an hour late at San Francisco. She also discovered the girl's name - Debbie.

After she stopped crying, Debbie was cautious with the woman, but soon they had won each other's confidence. The woman stayed with Debbie for twenty minutes, talking to her and calming her.

When the Salinas bus arrived, Debbie ran to her mother - an angry, tough-looking woman about 30. Mother and daughter went less than merrily upon their way and the woman stood alone for a moment before making a phone call.

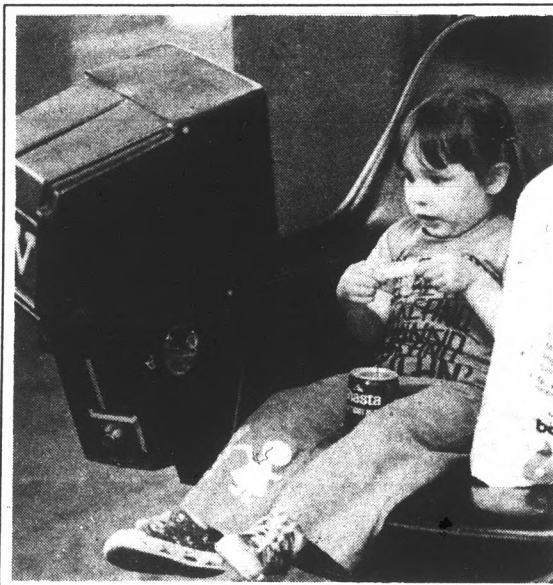
The only groups consistently engaged in conversation were the young, wide-eyed airmen either going to or coming from Travis Air Force Base and the gamblers going to Reno or Tahoe. The most frequent departures were to Reno and the gamblers had lively, animated discussions about luck, systems and jackpots. The airmen talked about overseas assignments and getting laid.

A woman in her 50's entered the terminal at six o'clock on a Friday evening. At midnight she had not moved from the same chair. She had short, wild white hair and dress hiked far above her knees, exposing muscular white thighs with blue blotches of bruises. She went through two packs of Winstons and continually tore small pieces of tissue while she sat there staring at the floor.

The Greyhound bus depot is the indoor headquarters for the city's beggars. A neatly dressed, intense young man with thick, black muttonchop sideburns was panhandling on a Friday night. He didn't appear destitute, but pushing his face inches away from a "client" and looking into his eyes was very effective.

His line was that he only needed money for some food because he hadn't eaten in two days. He was successful, even getting money from people who were rifling the phone booths for spare change. Later in the evening he confided that some days he "earns" fifty dollars. The following morning, at 10, he was back at work.

There was a man about six and a half feet tall. He seemed even taller wearing a ten-gallon hat. He was dressed for a rodeo, except he was in his fifties and looked sickly. The pupils of his brown eyes were as large as dimes. He spent hours in the terminal, staring at the



other people and periodically pronouncing to no one in particular, "I'm not goin' nowhere. To tell the truth, I'm just killin' time."

A skinny woman in a knee-length red print dress entered the terminal with a cheap suitcase. It was Saturday morning, very early. She sat in one of the chairs hunched over as if she had a stomach ache. She frowned severely, rocked back and forth in her chair, and hugged herself.

After an hour she went to the counter in the lobby and bought a ticket for Los Angeles. Returning to a seat in the terminal, she again frowned, held herself and rocked back and forth. She could have been 20, she could have been 40. She cashed in her ticket but returned to the terminal anyway and continued to frown and rock in her seat before fleeing the nightmarish subculture of the depot.

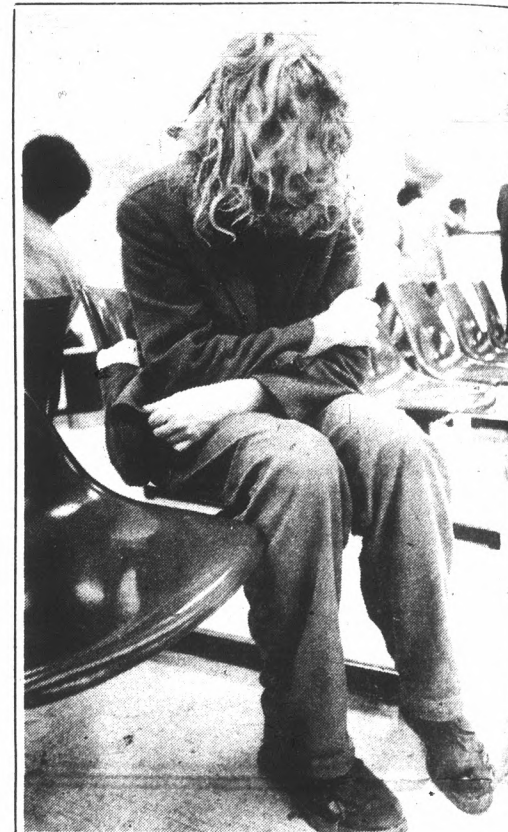
Two young black men stood in the middle of the terminal, seemingly watching everyone who passed by. One was dressed in a straw hat and a floor length fur coat. The other was in a leather cap and jacket. They laughed, playfully poked each other in the ribs and whispered "reds or whites" to those who walked by.

A braless, buxom young woman bounced in their direction. She was wearing a tight t-shirt with "New York" printed on the front.

"Hey, baby, what's it like in New York?" one of them asked.

"I ain't never been to New York," she snapped. She had acne and several missing teeth. She walked to the far end of the terminal and stood in a line for Modesto.

Several infants and children were in the terminal at various times, being dragged along by very young and spaced out parents, whose normal mode of verbal



communication, it seemed, was relentless and incongruous arguing.

But the children seemed blissfully unaware of the environment. They played their fantasy games and found cause to laugh.

Early Saturday morning, a teenager, about 15, named Eric entered the terminal. He was neat and clean and casually dressed. His blond hair was styled fashionably. His only luggage was his guitar and he strummed it morning while sitting in the terminal, stopping only once for a hot dog and a coke.

"I came up from Palo Alto for the Bread and Roses concert," Eric said.

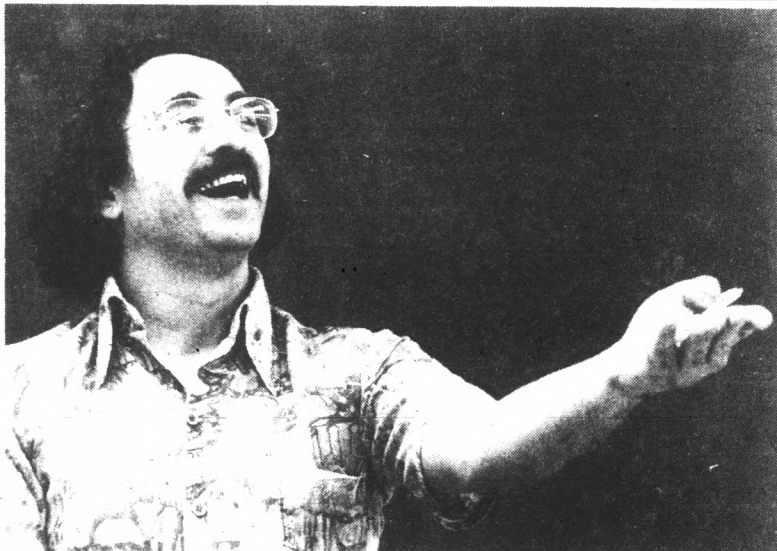
Did his family know where he was?

"I left them a note. I'll be back on Sunday."

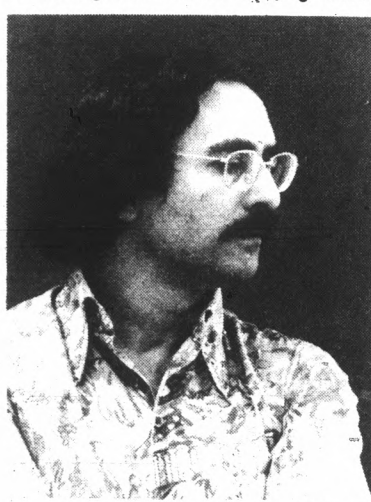
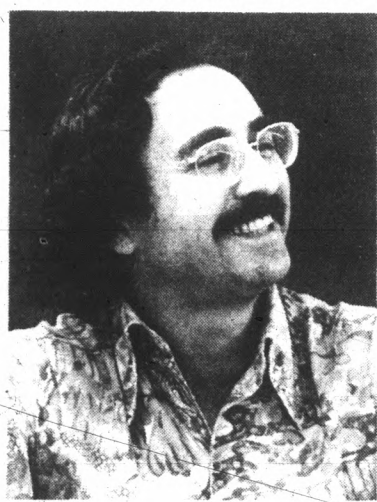
Where had he spent the night? Where would he spend that night?

"I don't know," Eric said confidently, smiling slightly. "I always find someplace. Last night wasn't too cold so I just stayed out."

The public address announced yet another bus leaving for Reno and the excited gamblers were anticipating black jacks while the burnt out people of the terminal rolled snake eyes in their minds.



Bruce Finson, teacher, artist and writer during his science writing class.



Photos by Michael Musser

He makes scientific writing readable

by Russell Pike

When Bruce Finson was 10 years old, he wanted to know the secrets of the universe. Now, 35 years later, he opens doorways to the world of science and ideas, as editor of a museum magazine and as a science writing teacher at SF State.

"All writing is technical writing," said Finson, his brown eyes lit with conviction. "Even poetry is technical writing, because, although the writer is trying to communicate his feelings, he still has to clarify and simplify them so others will understand."

Finson stresses communicating specialized knowledge to the students in his Science Writing and Editing class, which he has taught since he returned to teaching in fall, 1976.

"I would subtitle the course 'How to Talk to People,'" he said. "Scientists should learn how to communicate with people."

Finson said scientists need to realize there may be people with a limited background who are interested in science at their own level.

He teaches his students to analyze their writings for readability. In one class exercise, he has his students write an article to any audience they choose. Then they re-write the article to appeal to a more general audience.

Finson practices what he preaches, writing to reach a variety of audiences.

He has written articles for the general audiences of California Living Westways magazines, as well as for what he calls "the informed layman" who reads Backpacking Journal, Desert Magazine and Pacific Discovery, which he edits.

His voice rose a notch in enthusiasm as he talked about what he considered to be a particularly challenging article called "Laura Cares for Pets," published last year.

"It was a small booklet for 16 and 17-year old retarded children who read at a second grade level. Using a fictional device, I had to write about a possible job they could do, so I wrote about a girl working in a pet hospital."

He said the booklet was difficult to write because, "I had to present abstract ideas using only short sentences and one or two syllable words."

The broad spectrum of his writing flows naturally, because Finson considers himself an "information sponge, who is always curious about everything."

"Ideas are naturally exciting. The more you know the more interesting life is."

Because he "wanted to find the answers (to life's mysteries)" he majored in philosophy and creative writing at Cornell, graduating with two Bachelor of Arts degrees in 1953.

"Instead of finding the answers I learned how to ask the right questions."

Besides working as editor of Pacific Discovery and an instructor here, he teaches a course in museum publications at Lone Mountain College as part of their master's program in museum studies.

Whereas Finson sought to teach the museum course at Lone Mountain College, the science writing course he teaches here sought him.

"It (the course) came about because of a suggestion by Bob (Professor Robert L.) Bowman in the spring of 1976."

"I didn't know there was a place for the course or a place for me. Back when I went to school we didn't have this kind of thing."

Science writing is a Center for Interdisciplinary and Innovative Science class (CIIS).

Finson said Bowman talked to CIIS Director George S. Araki three times about the possible course.

Araki helped establish the class and understood the interdisciplinary combination of science and writing, Finson said.

Science writing and the demand for science writers is growing rapidly in the Bay Area, he said.

"We need more people who can communicate specialized knowledge. All writing is technical writing, because knowledge these days is becoming more and more specialized," he said.

In the classroom, Finson specializes in a whirlwind delivery. There, the short, bespectacled man comes alive. His artistic streak (he has exhibited his drawings at Vorpall Gallery) bursts loose in the classroom. Constantly moving, he orchestrates discussions among two small knots of students. Darting back and forth, he drops a suggestion here, cajoles a conclusion out of one group and this over to offer his insights to the other.

Finson said he likes to see a balance between scientists and creative people in the class. Of the nine people in the class, six are scientists, two are in creative writing and one is a journalism major.

"The influence of the creative people is a good influence on the class," he said. "The creative writing people demanded we go into poetry and be more subjective. It loosens up the class."

"I put up notices for the course all over the HLL building to try and get creative people to take it."

"I think science writing needs a balance between the objective and the subjective. If it (the writing) is too objective it's dull and if it's too subjective it has too little information."

The class will put out a science newsletter during the semester, Finson said. "I don't know what form it will be. I think the exciting thing about it is the students will develop the form."

And with the students developing the form of the newsletter, Finson will be free to embark on another labor involving his first love, knowledge.

Giving credit where it isn't always due

Seducing the student market

By Jeff Burkhardt

Paul Rossi, an SF State senior was wandering through Macy's tinsel-laden aisles when a department store credit monger slithered toward him from among the leather goods and colognes. She introduced herself as a Macy's credit representative and proceeded to question Paul about his income and expenses. Recognizing an unwanted credit card heading his way, Paul, whose name like all other credit-case examples in the story, has been changed, made his financial picture look worse than it actually was:

"I'm an unemployed, full-time student. I get \$292 a month Veterans' benefits and my monthly expenses usually come to around \$500," he said, satisfied he had presented a sufficiently dismal financial picture to discourage even the loosest credit card purveyor.

Not quite. A few weeks later, a crisp, plastic, red, white and black Macy's credit card arrived in the mail with a letter authorizing a \$150 credit limit.

Acquiring credit in America has become as easy as a Saturday night pick-up at Woodstock. Especially for students.

Virtually penniless during their educational years, students become big moneymakers a short time after graduation. To get their hooks into those prospective \$25,000 a year post-college salaries, banks and credit card companies have devised criteria that even the financially struggling student can meet.

Special Mastercharge accounts for students are offered by Crocker, Wells Fargo and Security Pacific. Bank of America offers student VISA accounts.

These accounts often get students into the habit of using credit cards during the lean years, so when they become junior executives they've been programmed to flash this plastic money -- only now for much larger amounts.

Eddie Vargas, of VISA's Credit Limit Department, described students as "well worth taking a chance on. Most realize they're establishing credit for the future, so they try not to abuse it."

"We like to be able to help them out in emergencies," she said. No mention was made of helping with the emergencies of welfare recipients, migrant farm workers or orphaned children.

Terrence McInnes, of Crocker's Public Affairs department, was more to the point. "The student population in California is a rich market and we'd like to get our share of it. We also hope to turn them into lasting customers past the time they graduate."

To get a VISA or Mastercharge account, most banks require that the student have some source of income -- any source will do; that that income exceeds expenditures (rent and loan payments are the only expenditures they're interested in); and that there is no negative credit history.

(continued on page 4)

Photo: Bob Andres

"In situations where there was imminent danger," Lerner said, "they were unable to respond appropriately."

Lerner pointed out that it often takes anywhere from 24 to 48 hours for a PCP user to feel normal after a trip.

Chronic users build up a tolerance to the drug, Lerner warned, and this makes it difficult to say exactly how much PCP constitutes an overdose. But the results of "an overdose," whatever the amount--can be "catastrophic": violent behavior, catatonia, convulsions, comas and ultimately death.

The problems caused by chronic use of PCP can be irreversible, Lerner said. He's had former users tell him that it took "two and a half years to feel normal again."

"They may have problems with speech," he said. "Or with memory and concentration. They may have periods when they're violent, bizarre, suicidal--or all of those things together."

Lerner and Burns maintain an office in San Francisco--an office that serves as a nationwide information center on PCP.

"We get about twelve calls a day from doctors around the country," Lerner said. "Usually they've got a PCP overdose patient on their gurneys and need help."

"Most of our own patients are from the Bay Area," he said, "but we get them from other parts of the country."

Lerner warned that PCP abuse has reached epidemic proportions, and that people are using it when they're remarkably young. The average age of the "first-time" PCP user is now 14. But three years ago, the average age was 19. He has treated nine-year-olds.

Dr. David Smith, founder and director of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic, is another man who knows a great deal about PCP. He has worked with chronic users and overdose victims, and he has been a witness at homicide trials involving PCP. He appeared in June at a trial where the defendant, a chronic user, was accused of killing a 2-month-old child and stabbing the child's mother.

Smith said:

"I consider PCP more toxic than amphetamines, heroin and cocaine, in terms of damage to body and mind and what it makes you do to others."

"It separates the mind from the body," he said.

Dr. Smith indicated that the defendant in the June trial was suffering from "toxic psychosis" brought on by PCP.

"Toxic psychosis is a major break with reality and the intoxicant in this case was PCP," he said. "The defendant was psychotic, amnesic, delusional, and committed a very violent irrational crime while in this state."

Bob Jones, an SF State student whose name (like all PCP users cited in the story) has been changed, told Phoenix he had smoked PCP twice.

"I was holding a sheet of paper in my hand," he said, "and it felt like it weighed 30 pounds."

Of the second time he used it, Jones said: "You know when a horse is shot and flops or dead? That's how I looked, lying on the hood of my car. I'm not going to use it again. I just don't enjoy feeling like a dead horse."

Bill Lee, another SF State student, used it only once.

"When I came down, I felt tired, real tired, and... depressed," he said.

Depression, paranoia and isolation are frequent symptoms of PCP's aftermath.

Possession or sale of PCP for human use is a felony, according to Robert Nickloff, special federal agent with the Drug Enforcement Administration.

It is strictly controlled by the DEA in an attempt to keep it off the streets.

"All those who manufacture, distribute and administer the restricted drug must have a license," Nickloff said.

Bio-Ceutic Laboratories makes legal PCP. Its path from the lab to the distributor to the veterinarian is carefully watched. The government periodically checks stocks and files, according to an order clerk at California Medical Veterinary Distributors.

PCP was first synthesized 20 years ago by a chemical manufacturer for use as an analgesic for horses, elephants and monkeys. For a brief period (1963-1965) it was used on human beings as a surgical anesthetic. But its adverse effects were quickly noted, and the manufacturer at that time, Parke-Davis, distributed PCP solely for use by veterinarians.

Angel Dust

It's hardly a saintly commodity

On a recent Sixty Minutes broadcast, San Jose was depicted as the country's PCP capital. According to the narcotic officials interviewed on the show, more than 500 drug dealers are soliciting on San Jose's streets. The following article is based on the Sixty Minutes report.

"We have a lot of people that we are arresting, not only for using, but selling PCP," said a San Jose undercover narcotics officer. "They are your middle class kids coming from your good, middle class homes."

But use of PCP has not been restricted to the middle class, or any class for that matter. Its abuse has become a major problem in the Chicano district of San Jose.

Three users--Guy, Geneva, and Rosie--talked about their use of the drug.

"I do as much as I can get a hold of, as much as I can afford," Guy said, joyously dazed, his long black hair resting on his shoulders.

He takes PCP four or five times a day because he likes the high.

"Well, I just like to be, you know, bombed out of it," Guy said in a scratchy drawl.

The two women said PCP plays with your mind, affecting you differently each time, depending on your mood.

Even though PCP is not physically addictive, all three are being treated because they can't get off the drug alone.

One reason people are taking PCP is to lose touch with reality, to escape completely from the problems they may be faced with. But often this escape from reality leads them into a world of violence--violence they are often the cause of.

A 21-year-old chronic PCP user is now spending time at the California State Prison in Vacaville for shooting his father and mother. He said he believes PCP was the cause of this violent act.

"I couldn't go along with that idea now," the user said about committing the murders. "It had to have been the constant saturation to my brain that made me go along with that idea." But he added, "I did go along with it."

Steve Lerner, one of the country's top PCP researchers, concurred that PCP prompted the

It was banned outright as a drug for humans in 1965 and began to show up illegally on the streets in Los Angeles. Since then, it has been made clandestinely in illegal labs, according to Dr. Smith.

"We saw it in the summer of '67 in the Haight-Ashbury, where it was being passed out as Peace Pills. They must have passed out five thousand of them," Dr. Smith said.

"There were a lot of bad trips and the consumer population consequently rejected it because it was so toxic," Smith added.

But that was in 1967. In 1972, PCP became popular again because users felt they had found a way of controlling it--they smoked it.

They're still smoking it, in growing proportions.

They're still killing themselves, and others. Phencyclidine Hydrochloride does not, it would appear, bring forgetfulness of all ills. No drug does.

user to act so violently. He said that PCP was detected in the user's urine at the time.

"I think what we are seeing is people who chronically use the drug have a greater likelihood of getting into difficulty with it," Lerner said. "But you may also only use it one or two times and become violent or unpredictable."

Another chronic user is also serving a prison term for the killing of a 22-month-old child and the stabbing of the child's pregnant mother. He was under the influence of PCP during the incident, and because the drug can cause amnesia, he said he could not recall the stabbing.

"All of the sudden something came over me and told me to leave my home," he said. "And I walked out of my home and that's all I can remember about it."

When told about the incident, the user said that it couldn't have been him.

"I couldn't have done it," he said, seemingly mesmerized.

Eve Torres, who runs a drug project in the Chicano district in San Jose, talked about a man who, while on a PCP high, was put in jail. When left alone in a cell, Torres said he pulled out his eyes.

Dr. Stanley Burns, who works with Lerner and is also considered one of the country's leading PCP researchers, cited an example of a PCP user who drowned in three inches of water while under the influence of the drug.

One reason for its abuse is its availability. PCP manufactured in clandestine labs is easy and cheap to make.

In Michigan, the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) and the Michigan State police busted people operating such a lab. The operators were caught with \$200,000 worth of PCP. The equipment and chemicals they used to make that amount cost \$200.

So many labs are being set up that narcotic agents are having a hard time staking them out and shutting them down, according to the DEA.

And the result: "PCP is in a growth phase," Burns said. "There is no question that we now are seeing significant use, significant numbers of people being exposed to this drug which was not in existence two or three years ago."

BACKWORD The voya

by Robert Rubino

Photos: Bob Andres

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"Who's winnin'?"

"What?"

"What's the score?" the small man asked.

"The Yankees," the top-shaped man said without looking away from the six-inch television.

"No, not that game." "I don't give a damn about no Yankees. What's the Dodge score?"

"What?"

"The Dodgers, man..."

"They already played."

"What was the score?"

The large man's eyes finally moved from the television. His jaw hung open and his nose was running.

"Did I say the Yankees? I meant Kansas City. Kansas City is winning."

"No, not that game. The Dodgers..."

The large man stared at the tube. He answered no more questions. The small man shrugged his shoulders and wandered through the terminal, picking up cigarette butts and looking for change in the coin return slots of the phone booths. Occasionally, he asked someone about the Dodge score.

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People arriving are smiling, their faces charged with anticipation. People leaving are often frowning, seemingly frightened or desperate. Then there are those who have the expressionless faces of those who are neither coming nor going, ever.

One of the latter was a tall, bearded man in his 30's. He was dressed in cowboy boots, blue jeans and shirt. He spent at least three and a half hours of a Friday night walking throughout the terminal. Occasionally, he sat and stared for a few minutes. When he walked, his jeans continually slipped below his hips, exposing his ass. Sometimes he stumbled on his falling pants.

A chubby, dark haired 10-year-old girl with luminous brown eyes was hysterical. She cried that her mommy hadn't come. Tears bathed her cheeks. She stood in the bus terminal alone with a hundred strangers.

One of the strangers decided to care. She was tanned, tight-faced woman of about 40, dressed in a beige pantsuit. She had orange hair. She spoke sincerely.

These cards are marked

(continued from page 1)

When applying for a student account, it's not necessary to cite any instances of established credit. Just don't have any bad credit lurking in the closet. Abusing the credit offered by these special accounts can ruin a person for years.

The student who gets in over his head and is unable to make payments will find himself barred from entry into any other credit card kingdoms. Never again will his heart gladden to the sight of an approved loan application for anything from a house to a waterbed. Entire afternoons will be spent fruitlessly trying to cash a check when travelling in unknown parts.

Grocery stores will cast suspicious glances when checks are offered and prospective landlords will sneer snidely while shutting their doors.

While student credit cards help to establish credit, it's important to know that these cards differ from the ones given to non-students.

They are more tenuous. They expire yearly and the account is reviewed more closely before renewing. Also, the credit limits are much lower: usually, only \$100 to \$200.

While being a student seems to only help in obtaining a credit card, it can also have its drawbacks.

Michael Smith, a senior at SF State with good credit history, applied for a Mastercharge from Wells Fargo. Though Smith has satisfactorily paid off several loans and has an income of about \$800 a month, because he is a student, Mastercharge insisted on giving him a student card.

Smith insisted he did not want a student Mastercharge with the puny limits. He demanded a regular one.

Wells Fargo nixed the request and denied the application.

Smith tried again at Security Pacific where they were impressed with his credit history, and his monthly earnings. He was promptly granted a full-fledged Mastercharge.

Moral: If at first you don't succeed, try another bank.

Although credit cards seem to be in plentiful supply, there are those who fall below even the most minimal credit requirements.

Roger Berry, a gay San Francisco financial district insurance salesman, was filling out a new credit card application for the Emporium. A refusal for his original application arrived in the mail.

Berry duplicated his application except for one detail -- he listed his lover, Jerry Pierce, as Gerri P. Berry in the box marked spouse.

Berry signed the application and dropped it in the mail box on his way to work. Four weeks later, a credit card from the Emporium arrived "for his shopping convenience" as the letter phrased it.

For Berry, the stability and enhanced credit position marriage gave him were enough to put him over the acceptability line.

"Five, maybe six, San Franciscans are arrested every month for gaining credit cards under fraudulent pretenses," according to Inspector James Bohm of the San Francisco fraud detail.

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"The number's been increasing lately," Bohm said. "Probably because department stores make it so easy for people to get credit."

"If a person goes into a department store, fills out an application and it's approved, the store will issue a card on the spot for the person to go immediately into the store and begin charging. It's called 'instant-credit,'" he said.

Department store grand openings are especially good times to pick up an easy card. Credit personnel are frequently stationed by the front door waiting to issue "instant-credit."

"They're dying to get more customers," said Bohm, "so they're very lax in checking credit applicants before issuing cards."

Applying for credit using false information is a misdemeanor. If a person has no previous criminal record, he would probably be issued a 90-day suspended sentence with a \$100-\$150 fine or one to two years of probation.

However, if the card has been applied for and delivered through the mail, it falls under the postal authority, becomes a federal offense, and

TRW, named for the initials of its founders, Thompson, Ramo, Woolridge, is the storehouse of credit records. Banks, department stores, credit card companies, all known subscribers, put any credit information they have about their customers into TRW.

Once in the system, that information is the available to any other subscriber who wants to check on the credit history of an applicant.

In practice, then, it becomes a means for Crockery Bank to use Bank of America's information about a credit card holder.

TRW is quick to point out that it does not rate credit records. It does not even put information into the system. Subscribers call TRW, and using a special code, they are responsible for putting credit information into the system.

With bank tellers, bookkeepers and accountants calling TRW from thousands of locations to feed information into one of 70,000,000 files, a possibility for error exists. Yet a person

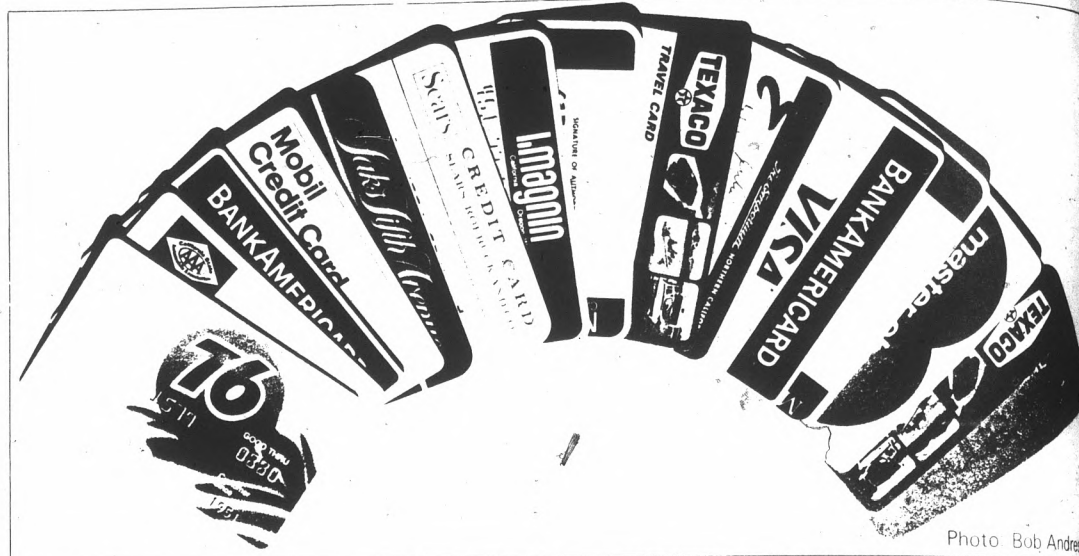


Photo: Bob Andres

is treated as a felony.

One woman who chose to do her business in person went into Roos Atkins, filed an application under false pretenses and then charged \$300.

The bill became delinquent and the card unusable. She went in a second time, used the same name but a different address, got another card and charged some more. Those bills also went unpaid. But emboldened by her previous successes, she decided to try her luck a third time. On her final attempt however, they checked their files and apprehended her.

To deter the costly cheaters in this age of computer technology and lightning communication, few banks, credit card companies or department stores indulge in the arduous task of checking out all references, loan numbers or accounts listed on an application. Instead, they enlist the help of a couple of credit conglomerates that keep credit records, the biggest of which is TRW Credit Data.

There are more than 70,000,000 credit histories in the TRW data banks. Each is available to more than 10,000 credit unions, finance companies, retail stores, collection agencies, banks and credit card companies simply for the asking.

Their empire accommodates these 10,000 subscribers that are scattered in 29,000 locations. For example, Bank of America, Sears and Standard Oil are only three subscribers. Additionally, TRW has 300 bureau locations on six continents, employs 93,000 people and is one of the 70 largest corporations in America. It also has investments in aerospace, electronics and the auto industry.

If a student has defaulted on a loan, abused a credit card or been referred to a collection agency, even that student Mastercharge or VISA will be unattainable.

wouldn't know that inaccurate information has been placed in his file until he applied for credit and was turned down.

If a person suspects that misinformation has been recorded he may call TRW at 495-6085. recording will give the information necessary be mailed in, to receive a copy of the credit file. If he can't wait for the mail, he can call 495-6030 and make an appointment to see file at 100 Mission Street, Room 701, San Francisco.

If the person has been denied credit within the past 30 days, there is no charge for a look at the record. If he's just curious, it'll cost him unless the curiosity results in the discovery of error. Then the charge is waived.

If inaccurate information is found in the TRW will contact the organization that put there. If the organization contends that information is correct, it stays in the file. consumer can make a statement to be put in file, explaining his side of it or take it up with the organization that refuses to delete it.

In any event, the statute of limitations prohibits derogatory information from being kept more than six years and nine months, even if someone can't hide that bill he refused to pay, he can always wait it out.

Credit Bureau Inc. is the other major computerized credit data bank in North California. As with TRW, it is adamant about pointing out that it does not rate credit records but merely compiles them. Unlike TRW, it does not divulge how many subscribers it has or number of histories in its banks.

Its phone number is 495-8010 and its record viewing procedures are much the same as TRW.

So, with everything else, if TRW or Credit Bureau Inc. have the goods on a student, he can always lie, cheat or steal his way into the merchandise-lined terrain of credit card havens.

LOOKED SICKLY. THE PUPILS OF HIS BROWN EYES WERE AS LARGE AS DIMES. HE SPENT HOURS IN THE TERMINAL, STARING AT THE

SPACED OUT PARENTS, WHOSE NORMAL MODE OF VERBAL

FOUNDED SHAPE EYES IN UNUSUAL MANNER.

He makes scientific writing readable

by Russell Pike

When Bruce Finson was 10 years old, he wanted to know the secrets of the universe. Now, 35 years later, he opens doorways to the world of science and ideas, as editor of a museum magazine and as a science writing teacher at SF State.

"All writing is technical writing," said Finson, his brown eyes lit with conviction. "Even poetry is technical writing, because, although the writer is trying to communicate his feelings, he still has to clarify and simplify them so others will understand."

Finson stresses communicating specialized knowledge to the students in his Science Writing and Editing class, which he has taught since he returned to teaching in fall, 1976.

"I would subtitle the course 'How to Talk to People,'" he said. "Scientists should learn how to communicate with people."

Finson said scientists need to realize there may be people with a limited background who are interested in science at their own level. He teaches his students to analyze their writings for readability. In one class exercise, he has his students write an article to any audience they choose. Then they re-write the article to appeal to a more general audience.

Finson practices what he preaches, writing to reach a variety of audiences. He has written articles for the general audiences of California Living Westways magazines, as well as for what he calls "the informed layman" who reads Backpacking Journal, Desert Magazine and Pacific Discovery, which he edits.

His voice rose a notch in enthusiasm as he talked about what he considered to be a particularly challenging article called "Laura Cares for Pets," published last year.

"It was a small booklet for 16 and 17-year old retarded children who read at a second grade level. Using a fictional device, I had to write about a possible job they could do, so I wrote about a girl working in a pet hospital."

He said the booklet was difficult to write because, "I had to present abstract ideas using only short sentences and one or two syllable words."

The broad spectrum of his writing flows naturally, because Finson considers himself an information sponge, who is always curious about everything.

"Ideas are naturally exciting. The more you know the more interesting life is."

Because he "wanted to find the answers (to life's mysteries)" he majored in philosophy and creative writing at Cornell, graduating with two Bachelor of Arts degrees in 1953.

"Instead of finding the answers I learned how to ask the right questions."

Besides working as editor of Pacific Discovery and an instructor here, he teaches a course in museum publications at Lone Mountain College as part of their master's program in museum studies.

Whereas Finson sought to teach the museum course at Lone Mountain College, the science writing course he teaches here sought him.

"It (the course) came about because of a suggestion by Bob (Professor Robert L.) Bowman in the spring of 1976."

"I didn't know there was a place for the course or a place for me. Back when I went to school we didn't have this kind of thing."

Science writing is a Center for Interdisciplinary and Innovative Science class (CIIS).

Finson said Bowman talked to CIIS Director George S. Araki three times about the possible course.

Araki helped establish the class and understood the interdisciplinary combination of science and writing, Finson said.

Science writing and the demand for science writers is growing rapidly in the Bay Area, he said.

"We need more people who can communicate specialized knowledge. All writing is technical writing, because knowledge these days is becoming more and more specialized," he said.

In the classroom, Finson specializes in a whirlwind delivery. There, the short, bespectacled man comes alive. His artistic streak (he has exhibited his drawings at Vorpall Gallery) bursts loose in the classroom. Constantly moving, he orchestrates discussions among two small knots of students. Darting back and forth, he drops a suggestion here, cajoles a conclusion out of one group and this over to offer his insights to the other.

Finson said he likes to see a balance between scientists and creative people in the class. Of the nine people in the class, six are scientists, two are in creative writing and one is a journalism major.

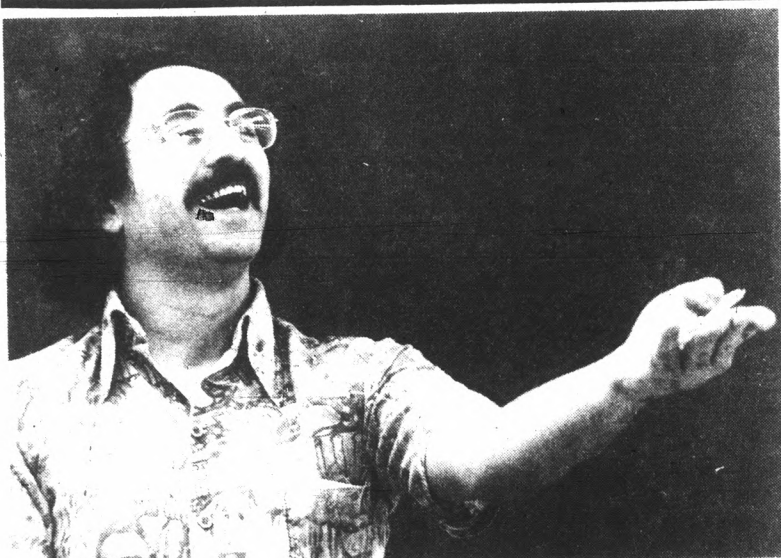
"The influence of the creative people is a good influence on the class," he said. "The creative writing people demanded we go into poetry and be more subjective. It loosens up the class."

"I put up notices for the course all over the HLL building to try and get creative people to take it."

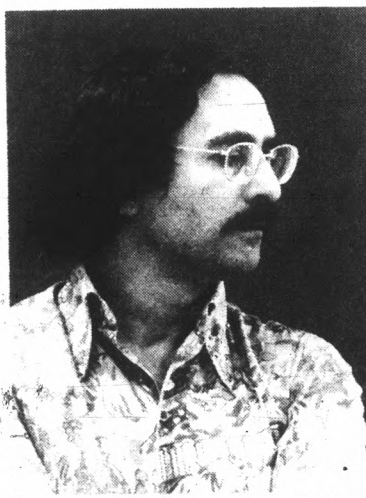
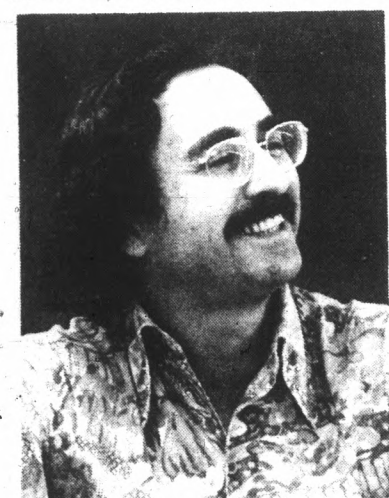
"I think science writing needs a balance between the objective and the subjective. If it (the writing) is too objective it's dull and if it's too subjective it has too little information."

The class will put out a science newsletter during the semester, Finson said. "I don't know what form it will be. I think the exciting thing about it is the students will develop the form."

And with the students developing the form of the newsletter, Finson will free to embark on another labor involving his first love, knowledge.



Bruce Finson, teacher, artist and writer during his science writing class.



Photos by Michael Musser